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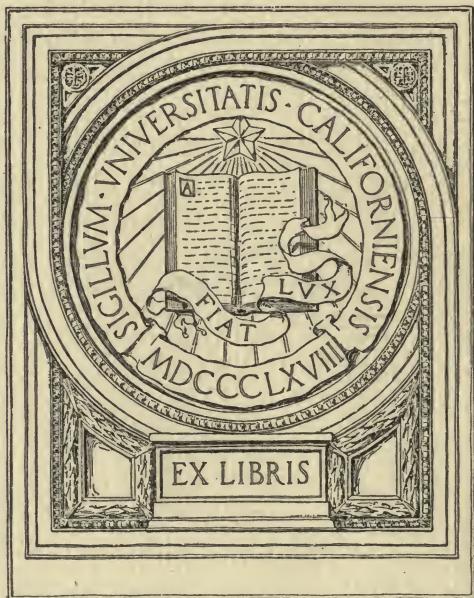
SONGS

FROM A

WATCH-TOWER

Richard Hayes McCartney

GIFT OF



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SONGS FROM A WATCH-TOWER

"Watchman, what of the night?"

*"Watch, for ye know not The Hour when in His Glory
The Son of Man Cometh."*

*Jehovah "shall arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the
time to favor, yea, the Set Time Is Come."*

BY

RICHARD HAYES McCARTNEY

*Author of "That Jew," "The City of Antichrist," "The Antichrist,"
"Songs in the Waiting," "The Imperial," "An Unclean
Spirit," "The Whip of God," etc.*



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LAURA

*Lilacs, Lilacs, Lilacs, in your pale pink glory
Whispering to my mind such a magic story:
Sitting 'neath your branches there such a little maid,
Such a gentle Lady, coy, timid, half afraid,
Young eyes looking up at me, eyes of tender gray,
Precious still in mine eyes as on far yesterday.*

*Lilacs, Lilacs, Lilacs, lo, coming there by stealth
'Neath lilac branches finding treasure trove of wealth,
Such slight, little maiden, with her long locks of gold
Each hair more than a guinea's worth—to heart wealth
untold—*

*Gray eyes lighting up my soul in a gracious way—
Now as truthful, sweet, and rare as on yesterday.*

*Lilacs, Lilacs, Lilacs, ah, I can ne'er forget
That sweet time of meeting—my fancy holds it yet—
'Tis my Winter's sunshine—and rainbow in my tears—
Blessing of the Summer rain through the arid years—
Sweet to memory ever whisper first few hours
Spent beside the lilacs there, 'mid the garden flowers:
'Tis Lilac times in Winter—every passing year—
Little maiden, Love, and Wife, smiling still is near,
Ever tender trust and hope in the eyes of gray
First seen 'neath the lilac's branch in far yesterday.*

*Lilacs, Lilacs, Lilacs, ah, soon to her and me
Dawns the better lilac time when The King we see
In the Renovated Earth, in that golden year,
In the rare bewitching breath of pure atmosphere
Lilacs then shall ever bloom—never shall decay
Rarer colors, sweeter smell, than that first yesterday.*

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

THE DESIRABLE ONE

Behold, He Comes! The Conqueror comes near,
The Earth has waited long, for many a year,
That He, The Glorious, should at last appear.

Lo, curse on all Creation many centuries—
Surely a stricken world the gazer sees—
And stalketh Death o'er all the lands and seas.

A very weary waiting—for the wrong
Was ever brazen, using rod and thong—
More of heart breaking sigh, than merry song.

Lo, Poverty stalks boldly o'er the land,
And tho the earth is rich—oppression's hand
Was heavy in its mandate and command.

But, lo, He Comes! The Mighty One draws nigh—
Then we shall hear no more the widow's cry—
Nor see the laughing babe death stricken, die.

No more of Poverty—but ample bread—
The animals with winnowed wheat be fed—
No man on Earth but has a home—and bed.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And then among the Nations no distrust—
In minds of men no more Imperial lust—
No hapless nations stricken to the dust.

Then labor shall cast off all rasping chains—
No labor then shall breed of woes and pains—
Labor at last full competency gains.

Lo, then no fearing of a dread tomorrow—
Anticipation of a grief, a sorrow,
And not a man of other man need borrow.

A pure Democracy betwixt man and man—
No Imperialistic, avaricious plan—
Each man doing for another what he can.

And then no ploughing—scattering of seed—
Where constant watching, giving anxious heed,
If scant the harvest, or rich crops the yield.

The seasons certain—nature willing maid
Her smile o'er all the earth shall be displayed,
And she will laugh to give the human aid.

No Nation's battle flags shall be unfurl'd—
No cannons scream, no gas shells then be hurl'd—
But Peace—Peace absolute o'er all the world.

And man and woman then be mated well—
None shall in rented house or hovel dwell—
None shall a service on a man compel.

Peace—Plenty—and for all pure happiness—
The King be all Omnipotent—not less—
And His sole aim Humanity to bless.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Surely, and certainly, He shall appear,
O waiting heart, be strong, without a fear,
Time of Delivery is almost here.

In all the Universe but ONE alone
By whom the Hosts of Evil overthrown—
And HE shall sit—*The Priest King on Earth's throne.*

AMERICA'S ANSWER

O Soul, have you heard of the trumpet tone note
Over plains, o'er canyons, o'er mountains to float,
The challenge of war from our President's throat.

The free men have heard it in factory and mine,
The brawn forest men heard it 'neath cypress and pine,
The husbandmen heard it when pruning the vine.

The workshop—the warehouse—the great and the
small—

The clerk in the counting house—builder of wall—
The once lazy rich one, stand up at the call.

The student in colleges threw down text book,
The cloisters of learning the student forsook—
With flash in the eye and determined the look.

And men past their prime felt like cursing their age,
And mothers and maidens at heart felt a rage
That they were but women, a man camouflage.

For all ears had been tingling with news from afar—
The rush of battalions, the reeking of war,
For the Huns had gone forth under Odin and Tor!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Lo, little babes butchered—(as carr'on had been)
And maidenhood ravished by beasts all obscene—
And wives all befouled that once were sweet, clean.

Burned village, and hamlet, and town and city—
Triumphant the fiends singing exulting ditty—
All, all desecrated without thought of pity.

Hun chemists conceiving most horrible things,
Giving Death more venomous, horrible stings,
Thus giving to Agony gas cursing rings.

Men talk of Hell's pit as source of all ills,
But faint are such torments when Maniac wills—
For this Prussian the great cup of wickedness fills.

The ears are a tingle when few horrors told
If all horrors known—'twould as lava had rolled
From volcano to crush out from field, and from fold.

The misery piled on babes, women and men
To recount, words surely all faint to begin—
Demons' wickedness white to the Hun's foulest sin.

The Huns with their camouflage put us to sleep,
Their wolf-wether led us as if we were sheep,
For their venomous lying was crafty and deep.

For years we were slothful, and lolled at our ease,
Well fed, and well clad, we did as we please,
We grew fat, and heart bloated from drinking Hun's
lees.

Lo, we listened to warnings of Roosevelt with sneers—
We deemed him as vicious to harp on our fears—
Each fool-sage rejected his counsel for years!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And a Pacific host—such a clamorous crowd—
That for peace under Juggernaut's car would have
bowed—

And Bryan, and Jordan, in Braying waxed loud.

The false prophet—with less sense than Balaam's Ass:
"If such a dire madness as war came to pass
A million of farmers would spring from the grass:

A million of men would arise in their might
With shot guns and broom sticks, all foe men to fight—
And foemen evanish e'er drooped down the night."

With Pacific howling, and Huns cunning brain,
It was hard for the patriots hearing to gain—
'Til President's voice rang clearly and plain.

Then America answered as never before
From Atlantic wild waste to Pacific shore,
From Canada's line to Caribbee's roar.

Then sprang up as one—the millions of men—
In brain and in heart the red blood rushed in—
It was Victory or Death—The Willing to Win!

Lo, America roused from her gold loving trance,
A heat in the heart, and cold light in eye glance—
For sweet to their nostrils the old lilies of France!

"Lafayette! we are coming! our debt to repay,
We are mustering our best for the battle array,
We ask of your pardon for our long delay!

Lo, we pledge you our honor, our bravest, our best,
From the North to the South, from East and West,
From Fields, from Savannas, and from Mountain crest.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

We pledge thee not now but with froth from the lips—
Our hand is flung out, and you'll find that it grips,
We shall bridge the Atlantic with thousands of ships.

Braggadocio is over—and silent all boast—
France! here on our feet, we stand for a toast,
We pledge you our money—of Brave Boys a host!

We go not in sorrow, we go not in tears,
We go without heart throb of cowardly fears,
From our souls have fallen incumbrance of years.

Your cry, France! has reached us, and we are awake,
All ease and all comfort from shoulders we shake,
Our hearts have been rent by this Hunnish hell quake.

We are coming, O, France! as a giant may come
With flag, and with banner, with bugle, and drum,
Two million of "Boys," none cowards, none grum.

With cannon all sizes, and many, and trim,
With rifles, and bayonets, and munitions grim,
(Once failed in our air planes) but soon will have them!

Our farmers will plough deep, will seed, and will reap—
Our slaughter of millions—hogs, cattle, and sheep,
Your Army and People from famine will keep.

The Huns never dreamed of red blood in the vein,
They thought that your cry for our help was in vain
That we cared more for gold than for millions slain.

They thought they were masters, and we were the
slaves,
We awake—they now prove but cowardly knaves,
If they are not silent, will fill felon graves.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

You will see that Our Boys are varied of face—
See thousand of Germans in gallantry pace—
Will tell of their hatred to all Prussian Race!

This mixture of Blood which flows in our veins
Of German, of English, of Poles, and of Danes,
Has no globular drop of cowardly stains."

"We are coming, O Kaiser, to right of thy wrong,
To banish forever thy whip lash and thong,
To share our own Freedom all people among.

We are coming, O Kaiser, thy slave men to meet,
To reel back thy minions with fast fleeing feet,
To strike your mouth for taunting you flung in our
teeth.

We come not for plunder, nor rapine, nor gold,
Nor for land, nor for conquest of Nations untold—
For heart of a Free Man is ne'er bought, nor sold.

Thy Dreaming, O Kaiser, a dream that was vast—
You would blaze way from Berlin (of winterish blast)
To where India her riches in thy coffers cast.

Dream, glittering splendor of kingdoms were thine,
Old England her fleet and Possessions resign,
Lo, Egypt and Syria no bordering line.

For America's riches of gold, mine and field,
Submit of their plenty, to thy wantonness yield—
"The whole World Conquered!" embossed on thy
shield.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

But, Kaiser, how futile is now all thy dreaming—
Your spy-dom, your treacherous, underhand schem-
ing—

Destruction and Ruin bale lights on thee gleaming.

Dreams! Vastness of glory—and grand majesty—
Thy six cubs be reigning as cubs under thee—
You cherished their splendor from their infancy:

You guarded and cherished—the while like to cattle
Your millions of slaves slain by famine and battle
At safe distance your cubs heard cannon's faint rattle.

Six cubs in safe keeping—while millions were slain—
They never had cold meats, nor wounding, nor pain.
Lo, the Dreams of their Kingdoms are foolishly vain!

Brutes! Hindenburg, Ludendorf, butchers of men!
All easy 'gainst unarmed Russians to win
For your gold had corrupted their Empress to sin.

But, lo, when brutes Hindenburg, Ludendorf, came
To the west with their devilish gas, and fire flame,
Then their manifold boasting darkened with shame!

"We shall dine in Paris on April the first!"
But now burned the roast, and now sodden pie crust,
Evanished the sacking, the plunder, the lust!

We now laugh to scorn your vanity boast
Of murdering babies and men at our coast—
"Our Boys" to go "over" like Kitchener's host.

In spite of thy murderous, piratical scheming
Our warships are fretting the sky in flag gleaming—
"Our Boys" like a torrent across the sea streaming.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Two million of "Our Boys" have sailed o'er the Sea!
Ready five million more if danger we see—
Wealth of food and material unlimited be.

O Kaiser, as thou hast forsaken the Christ,
With Odin and Satan have holden fell tryst,
As sure as the Sun in the heaven doth shine
Defeat and Destruction most surely be thine!
The Scorned Jehovah shall laugh in thy face!
And Servants forever thy fell Prussian race!
And Thou, and Thy Six Sons shall refugees be,
And followed their footsteps fell calamity—
In Book that thou flouted this Truth Stands profound:
"The Seed of the Wicked shall not be renowned!"

THO A HUNDRED THOUSAND DIE

"Where they will be shelved without hurting their feelings." (From Chicago Tribune.)

'Tis a day of Great Revelings,
Not of Graft, nor Army Stealings,
But Incompetence in dealings—
But Bishop's crook, and Blunt, have Feelings—
Tho a Hundred Thousand Die!

'Tis a day of cannon thunder,
With the World torn asunder,
With Five Millions lying under
Mud and Mire from rush of battle,
Brave men slaughtered as if cattle—
But above its roar and rattle
Lo, Incompetency flourished—
Lo, Incompetency nourished—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

But we must not hurt their feelings—
So, O Public, stop thy squealings—
 Tho a Hundred Thousand die!

Lo, Incompetence may dally
Drinking tea with Jane and Sally—
Or before the glass parading
Rigged out in gold fancy braiding,
Or in public eye parading—
(Thus the Huns of Hell are aiding,)
Toying with their swords gold mounted,
Tho each day a thousand counted
“*Dead or missing*”—but Hush Squealings
For we must not hurt their feelings
 Tho a Hundred Thousand Die!

Lo, Incompetence were resting
While our many boys were breasting
Cold and nakedness—and the Huns
Laughing at our borrowed guns—
Thus we had no power in saving
Men who fought in madness braving
Huns, who gloried in the slaughter
Of the Mother, babe and daughter,
Making maidens—well, no matter—
Let Incompetence wax fatter—
Well, no matter such revealings—
For we dare not hurt their feelings
 Tho a Hundred Thousand Die!

If the common men are slackers
Sent to prison—water—crackers—
Lo, we brand them with disgracing—
They through life contempt are facing—
But Incompetence must flourish—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

We Incompetence must nourish—
And in spite of Damned Revelings
We must never hurt their feelings
 If a Hundred Thousand Die!

Lo, now who will be Denier
If Incompetence “kicked higher,”
If their Powers have more inflation
Then more of a sure Damnation
To the Army and the Nation,
Grimmer numbers be increasing,
Our boys murdered without ceasing;
For God’s sake send such men flying
Any power to them denying!
Heed not protest, and friends’ squealing,
Trample on their pride and feeling
 So Our Millions Cannot Die!

THE WOLF TO THE SHEEP-DAM

A Parable

Said the wolf to sheep-dam: “I am seeking my whelp
That has strayed from my care, I’m seeking your help,
A wee helpless cub to be lost in wood scrub—
Oh, surely, to find him your aid will not snub.
Let me into your fold—perchance, from the cold
He has strayed to your place, for warm your wold,
In some corner he lies—perchance, near your lamb;
Oh, see what a desolate Mother I am,
My grief all the fierceness of nature has quelled,
And only my longing of heart hath compelled
In seeking my wee cub—oh, surely to you
The heart of a mother is tender and true,
Let me look and see if my wee cub is here—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

I swear you will never have cause for a fear.
O, thanks to thee, Dam—to let me look around—
For if he is here he'll all quickly be found:
Is that your young lamb, that wee, shapely one there?
I never saw juicier lamb I declare,
Most fit for a King to have at his table!
Forgive me, so saying, for scarce am I able
So great is my grief—my thoughts are a jumble—
The best of Repenters oft' times will stumble—
I'm sure that no Mother of thy like hath bore
So graceful a lamb—so my longing the more
To adopt such a lamb, all surely 'twould make
A Christian of me, and I soon would partake
Of its delicate feelings—so meek would be—
A change of my nature you'd ever more see.
Come, child of adoption! Dam, what do you say?
You have but one young lamb that with you must stay,
Me send away empty—so broken of heart—
That I, cub bereft—must all lonely depart.

What say you vile Sheep? 'Tis easy beholden
That this is my whelp you've brazenly stolen,
And covered his hair with a sheepskin to hide—
You have murdered a sheep to put my whelp inside—
And this to defraud me, to steal, and to cheat,
You have caused me to think my own whelp good meat.
A lie I am telling! well, what if it is?
The wolf now is claiming—and surely 'tis his
Who has might for the taking—out of my way
The lamb is most tender—the lamb is my prey—
If you are so silly a fierce wolf to trust
You surely repentant should feed on stone crust:
Oh, hush, silly lambkin, and make not with wild bleat,
You're surely most tender for my cubs to eat.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

VERDUN—VICTORY

(Written when the false news came, "Verdun is taken")

On to Verdun—yon fort clad knoll—
 'Tis only a little way—
But Death demands a final toll—
 A million of men must pay!
Lo, they came to a heap of stones
 Shouting, "Verdun—Victory!"
But all they found were dead men's bones
 Grim, ghastly withal to see.
For the way they had come was rough—
 And they made it rougher still—
Only a heap of stones on a bluff—
 A weird grave yard on a hill!
Alas, for every inch of way
 A young life the price they paid—
Strength, youth, and Beauty stamped in clay
 On each inch a young life laid!
Lo, a million of souls went out
 From flesh mass that once were men—
The prayer, the curse from the drawn mouth,
 Still echoes in wood and glen.
Saved labor in digging deep trench
 To throw the carcass therein,
The shrapnel, and ball had a clench—
 Plowed grave for a million men!
'Twas victory grand and sweeping—
 And the chant of praise rang high—
Praise drowning the widow's weeping—
 None heard of the orphan's cry!
Now let there be great rejoicing,
 Flags float o'er the turrets high;
'Tis shame that some are voicing—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

“Was it worth that million die?”
So mid battle roar and rumble,
Curse, prayer, and a million moans,
’Tis shame that some will grumble—
“High price for a heap of stones!”

“THEY SHALL NOT PASS”

*(Words uttered by Kaiser against the Allied Armies in
France.)*

“They Shall Not Pass!”

O, Boasting Kaiser,
In a few months thou shalt be wiser,
Thy fool, proud words like froth of the Sea
Which swelleth to die—then none may see.

Kaiser! I boast not of prophet’s power,
Nor prophet’s mantle on me this hour,
’Tis High Heaven hath judged thee, and thy words,
His instruments are the Allied Swords!
Insults thou cast on His Son—The Christ—
The reason thou with Defeat holds tryst!

Long years in heart thou hast hated Him—
’Twas Odin thy Lord—thy thoughts were grim—
Thy purpose fell, that you knew full well
In heart of The Christ could never dwell.

This Nazarene too womanish made—
Thy hand in Odin’s red hand was laid—
For hadst thou thy will how soon would cease
The Nazarene’s dream of world wide peace!

’Twas Odin’s peace thy heart did crave
To see World’s People bend down—thy slave—
Where never a tongue should wag disdain
A peace where The Brute of Blood should reign.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Your honored Teachers who Christ reviled—
Your Protestant Teachers taught each child
The State, The Kaiser, should reign alone
With Odin seated, no Christ to own!

The lisping babe from the cradle came
Thinking of Battle, and Sword, and Flame,
Peace for the coward—man's might the end—
Gain to be wrested with soul of fiend:

Envious eyes should on neighbor look,
It was not thievery if one took
Land from the man—from the babies, bread—
What if others starve—so Prussians fed—

Honor and Gold on Preachers bestow'd
If Christ reviled—The Bible a load
Man should not carry in heart or brain—
So God's Truth in all thy land was slain.

With shoutings of Joy thy people went
To neighbor's home, with the mad intent
To crush, to butcher, so none dare stand
As enemies to thy ruthless hand.

Conquering, won o'er many a state—
Thy cruelty like to wild beast's hate
Crushing all peoples with iron heel—
With Robber's heart to plunder—steal!

Surely thy victory oft hath been—
Surely thy victory oft times seen—
Full cup of Glory was at thy lips—
But Jehovah spoke—then all Eclipse!

Till The God of Heaven cried out, "Enough!"
Thy host of minions, bloody and rough,
He broke thy millions as brittle glass:
"Lo, Beyond this point Hun shalt not pass!"

The Allies shall pass with iron tread—
With thy many thousand shall death be fed—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

God's sword shall strike at thy putrid mass—
Jehovah hath said:

"Thou shalt not pass!"

VERDUN

O, Verdun, Verdun, thine a bloody reek,
Surely in future ages men will speak
Of thy damned holocaust with pallid cheek.
O, Verdun—madness fired with keen desire
To blast through Human Flesh with liquid fire
Pathway to Glory for a Son—by Sire.
O, Verdun—shambles for a gluttony
Of Empire, stretching from ice—Baltic Sea
To where the Persian summer waters be!
O, Verdun—Liquid flames have burned thy grass—
Thy spring time pasture once where flowers did mass—
And lovers loved to pluck as they did pass.
O, Verdun—plowed thy fields and there did rain
The iron seed—the harvest of a grain
Costly, utterly worthless to obtain.
O, Verdun—Hate did surely set a pace
For human butchery, dastardly disgrace,
Life held so cheaply to a World wide face.
O, Verdun—Storm ridden by fell thunder,
The sky with leaden hail is rent asunder.
At last a failure, a gigantic blunder!
O, Verdun—Death most surely on thee thrives—
One salient costs a hundred thousand lives—
Woe to the ghastly victim who survives.
O, Verdun—curse of widow's wail and orphan's cry
O'er trembling earth, under sulphurous sky—
Best Youth of two Grand Nations go to die.
O, Verdun—death trap, teeth sharp and cruel set,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

With the heart cries, and with the sobbing breath
The Flower of manhood on to certain death!
O, Verdun—and we shudder as we tell—
Thou to the million souls that round thee fell
Gateway to Heaven, or the pit of Hell.
O, Verdun—maelstrom liquid flame for waves
By day and night vindictive madness craves
The winning of one million young men's graves.
O, Verdun—modern Moloch's slaughter place—
Craves not for cripples, nor the aged face,
The iron jaws crush flower of every Race!
O, Verdun—sitting on thy shell rocked hill,
The guillotine is working with good will—
And all the ravines soon shall bodies fill.
O, Verdun—Thou the daunted foeman mocks—
Victorious maid, tho' shrapnel mid thy locks—
An Empire's might is shattered on thy rocks!
O, Verdun—Place of blunder, yet renown,
For surely worthless tho' a fort clad town
Through all the ages shall thy name go down.
O, Verdun—meeting place of foes so brave,
That he, indeed, be surely a base knave
Who would from either foe his praises save.
O, Verdun—revelation place indeed
For bravery, and courage, and grand deed,
Where men faced death—and of death took no heed.
O, Verdun—where men stood, and where men came—
'Mid pitiless death, faced torrents, sheets of flame,
Heaven! such sacrifice nothing but damn'd shame!
O, Verdun—when War's thunders die away,
Behold then victims crowding all the way,
Maimed men—it had been merciful to slay!
O, Verdun, look—behold, how they pass by
The shattered form, no hand, no leg, no eye,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

They crawl, they grope—O, Heaven, best all should die !
O, Verdun—what maimed of thine must stand
Hold out to passersby the beggar's hand—
Full soon to be great burden in each land.
O, Verdun—when glamour of thy War is o'er
Will not the cripples begging at the door
Become a nuisance, all their wail a bore !
O, Verdun—surely this should never be—
There men have fought for all humanity—
And all should honor them as Royalty !
O, Verdun—tho' all glorious is thy tale
We hear the orphan's crying, widow's wail,
Across all Europe sorrow shall prevail.
O, Verdun—grave yard of The Bravest Men—
What e'er the Nationality—their deeds did win
A Glory and an Honor to their Race and Kin.

A GOLDEN SONG

A golden song keeps ringing in my ears—
It comforts in my sorrow—dries my tears—
It maketh things of Earth have second place—
It toucheth all illimitable space
Lifting my horizon to vistas rare
As if were golden blossoms everywhere :
And music rarified, to send a fire
Through all my being of one sweet desire,
So that Earth's trials are as paltry thing,
For well I know that passing time will bring
Surcease from sorrow, and surcease from pain,
For, lo, The Christ shall surely come again.

BARTIMEUS

Blind Bartimeus begging by the way,
Surely sad hearted at the break of day,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

To him the glory of the Earth a blot—
The flowers, the trees, the waters he saw not ;
The glories of the rising, setting sun,
From him a smile of joy had never won,
He heard the breeze—he felt it on his face
But did not see its rippling of grace
On leaves, and trees, and rushing of ripe grain ;
Heard beauty of the flowers, grass covered plain,
So oft stood wrapped in splendor of sunlight
But saw naught—all around an unlit night.
He heard the love words from his Mother's tongue—
How oft to see her face sad heart was wrung—
Oft times in misery—a bitter cup
Held to his lips that he indeed must sup.
He heard the feet-like patter of the rain—
He heard the storm—the thunder crash amain—
Heard men exclaim: How beautiful the sight,
As when kind hearted folks led to the height,
And cried: Magnificent indeed the view—
See the far reaching sea in shades of blue ;
He heard the glad song of the mountain rill—
He stood in woods—where silence seemed a chill—
He heard the moving in the Temple Court
Of multitude coming—and the going forth—
He smelt the blood clots on the altar place—
He felt the Lamb was slain—as he may trace
What priests were doing by the songs of praise—
And tho' he, too, his voice at festival could raise
He could not see The Glorious Temple stand
Marble and gold, The Wonder of the Land !
Aye, no more stately house was anywhere
Than here—where Israel had bent in prayer.

Now may imagination play its part—
And whisper he was very sore at heart

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Because of maiden who men said was sweet,
Made music to him with her passing feet;
And she, in pity, oft times spoke to him;
(Shut fast as 'twere in prison house most grim,)
And as she passed upon one eventide
Did his voice whisper: "Be it not denied.
The Gift I crave—I cannot see thy face
So let my fingers for a little space
Glide o'er thy features—I would press
My fingers softly, not in a caress—
I would imprint thy features on my brain
And tho' not seen—in heart they would remain."

And did the maiden come one eventide
Whispering low—one minute by his side:
"Lo, David's Son! Messiah who should come,
Tomorrow comes—let not thy voice be dumb—
What He hath done for others—He can do
So glory of the sunshine seen by you."

His ears all sensitive to every sound
Heard far off sandals patter on the ground, -
And nearer, he heard voices as bee hum,
And his heart asked—Had David's Son then come;
Surely his head was leaning forward, thrust,
He heard the feet slow coming in white dust,
And soon the foremost comers with the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth is coming nigh."

All breathless there—the poor blind eyeballs ran
As 'twere adown the road to see This Man
Who with a word could heal the stricken eyes—
And high above the murmuring did rise:

"O, David's Son, have pity upon me!"

But those around would stifle that keen cry,
Told him to hold his peace—and would deny
His right of pleading—but more shrill and high

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

"Thou Son of David, mercy have on me!"
And he who listens to the cry of bird—
That child of Abraham all surely heard—
Stood still—and told them to bring man anear.
And they abashed, said, "Be thou of good cheer
He calleth thee." His garment thrown aside
With haste he groping reached The Master's side:
"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"
"Lord, that I may receive my sight—and see!"

More blessed he than any of our race—
Lo, the first object to his sight—The Face
Of Prince of Glory, and The Lord of Grace!
A sudden burst of glory to blind eyes—
But to him not the earth, or of the skies,
But the Great Being who was standing there
Dust in the beard and in the wine shot hair,
The linen under clothes—blue mantle rare
A wondrous gift wealth only could bestow,
The common sandals that poor people know,
A face more perfect than can earth conceive,
A face to trust—one never to deceive—
Ah, in His bearing that impressive thing
The Gift of God—the hall mark of a King!
So wonderful the eyes—great pools of light—
A shifting of a glory to the sight—
As if the God-head had looked out at one—
A searching flash—and then as quickly gone—
And human eyes were only looking there
To win affection, and to banish care,
One moment look to dazzle with surprise—
Then suddenly a veiling of the eyes.

Surprise and Rapture in his heart complete
Prostrate in dust, kissing the sandaled feet.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And may we dream, as evening shadows fell
A gentle breast, in thankfulness did swell,
Choose bunch of grapes as perfect as may be,
And as The Lord sat 'neath the village tree
Came as a sunbeam, coy, shy, afraid,
And at His feet her offering was laid,
And He accepting did His eyes uplift—
So only He, and she, knew why the Gift.

HE WALKS THE EARTH ONCE MORE

From age to age my feet may try
To find revealing place,
There is no secret spot where I
Can meet Him face to face.
No mount, no vale, no wind swept place,
On any land nor sea,
Where I, by sandal print, may trace
The One I want to see!
In storm, in calm, in solemn hush
That comes at eventide—
Nor in the mad tornado rush
Doth He, My Lord, abide.
To seek Him in the early morn
Where glistening dew-drops be,
When bird light on the flowering thorn
Were sure the place to see—
For He a Poet—and His words
Borrowed of all things rare,
I know He loves the songs of birds
In the fresh mountain air:
I know He lingers by the streams,
He loves to hear them sing,
They color all His Fancy dreams
Of when He will be King!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

For He, by human nature, stands
The Perfect Man of Earth,
Tho' all the Worlds shaped by His hands
He is of human birth.
So the Pure Thoughts that flush the brain
To Him not surely strange,
His human nature shall not wane—
The never more to change.
And so, as man for man will seek—
May I by chance draw nigh—
On mountain top—near valley creek—
And so may see by eye!
It is a happy thought, and dear,
And yet may never be—
Yet who may say He is not near
When we some stranger see.
I may not think He hath sat down
Upon His jeweled seat,
Nor never visits any town,
Nor place where waters meet.
Why not again—as days of old—
When He appeared to ken—
I love the Pages where 'tis told,
"His pleasure was with men."
If He did such before He came
And took the Human dress,
After Earth's suffering and shame
He loved not man the less.
And so the Christian Scholars frown
As mine a foolish thought,
Sit Him on Royal Seat with crown,
That Earth He had not sought
So they upon Our Lord inflect
Grandeur of State alone.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Dreamer's wishes contradict
And make this wish my own:
I think His Human Nature craves
To tread the Earth again;
To come where gracious water laves,
Treads hill, and vale, and glen;
I think He walks our Cities' streets—
He stands in market place—
It is a Stranger that men meet
They do not know His face!
Perchance, the fights for bonds and stocks
Passed by with careless tread:
That heinous crime His manhood shocks
Gambling in poor man's bread!
He walketh in the Country place—
He walketh by seashore—
Again the smile is on His face
Once seen at Joseph's door—
As all of Nature stood to Him
When boyhood hours were fleet:
Ah, but to touch the garment hem—
And kiss the nail pierced feet!

BEAUTY

There is a subtle Beauty in the World
That careless eyes so often miss,
And from the pathway many a beauty hurled
Which should fill soul with bliss.
The men who see of Visions after all
By far the richest of the Earth,
Tho' to their hands gold millions never fall
Their souls are wrapped with mirth.
Lo, Nature's Beauty charms the seeker most,
Eyes keen, alert will ever find,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

To every Being she is willing to be host
 To sooth and bless the mind.
Lo, Beauty hath a mission of her own
 Exceeding fair to everyone,
And surely in the wide world there is none
 She hath not smiled upon.
Christ made the World a vast Treasure House
 Of splendid beauty unalloyed,
Alas, that sin therein holds fell carouse—
 And human sight destroyed;
Purblind in mist, and shadows, footsteps go—
 Footsteps that should have dainty tread—
'Til half Earth's Beauty shadowed by keen woe
 Living—uncoffined—dead.
Men weave a tensiled Beauty of their own—
 Theatre—Ballroom making fair—
Gauze, tinsel, spangles, paper flowers with lights sown,
 Cursed with the fetid air!
The morning's splendid crimson lost to them,
 Pearl dewdrops on the trees and grass;
The various hues when daylight groweth dim—
 Night's growing stars amass.
O, Maker of all Beauty! Come once more
 Touch the blind eyelids of The Race—
The long lost sense of Beauty to restore—
 For Beauty is God's Face!

WATERS

O Water, Water! but I love Thee so,
Tho' long my footsteps in the inland go
For Thee, for Thee my soul doth ever long,
The swish of waters was my baby song.
For more than half a century of years
Thine is the haunting music to mine ears,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And Thou hast tintured the uncounted times—
As in old age repeating childhood's rhymes.

I love Thee, Waters, keenly and intense,
From the first hour my mind had any sense
Thou wert my idol, and my fond desire;
Surely that love the seasons only fire,
And Thou shalt be a best beloved to me
Through the grand ages of eternity.

The morn, the noon, the eve—when night falls
down—

All loving, tenderly with glories crown,
Because they love Thee. Oh, Thy interludes
Of calm, and storm, best suited to my moods;
Thy plains most fair, Thy mountains grand to see,
Tho' soft, or thundered clad Thy melody.

O, Thou art blessed and superbly good,
Thou hast well chosen words for every mood—
I hear Thee calling oft-times in my dreams—
In sunlight, too—a wooing voice there seems:
"O, child of mine, come back, come back to me,
Wert thou not born beside the whispering Sea."

O, Waters, Waters, I would go to Thee
But business cares have strange perversity,
So captive bound in chains;—if I were free
I'd live and die by my beloved sea,
For as the music of the sea first heard
In baby ears, when I, as new born bird,
So at the ending let Thy Waters be
In death, as at my birth,—a lullaby.

A LAND OF SWEET DESIRE

What if the shadows close—
What if a near repose—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Shall not sweet Death disclose
Vision more fair than this
Of earth I then shall miss :
Shall not a richer bliss
Then dawn upon the sight ;
Shall I not then alight
Upon some mountain height,
And, lo, before my gaze
A scene in golden haze,
My every sense amaze—
Behold, mine eyes shall see
Where hills, plains, valleys be,
A grand, vast country
Of lakes and laughing rills
Which flow from tree clad hills ;
Where song bird ever thrills
With notes of perfect praise ;
And many a flower clad maze
Of pasture, where flocks graze
Not wanting anything ;
With gay birds on the wing
Their colors not a king
Could dye him for a dress ;
A land of loveliness
The weary soul to bless.
Lo, on these happy plains
No more the labor stains,
The aching and heart pains,
But Peace for evermore,
No failure to deplore,
No burden to be bore,
Then Labor but a bliss !
In such a place as this
Peace, like profound abyss

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Unsearchable in scope,
Whence no one would elope.

O Land of Dearest Hope,
O Land of Sweet Desire,
A vision doth a fire
My soul, and I aspire
To see at once The Day
When sorrows flee away,
The Lord Christ in array
Of Glory shall come near,
Then Love and Joy ring clear
Because our Lord is here.

THE LEGEND OF MY RING

*You ask me whence came my finger ring:
From Warring Mad Europe's fire and flame.
From pit of Hell—to my finger came.
It whispered to me the song I sing.*

Whisper, O Ring, from whence you came?
From shadow of death, and hissing flame,
From pit of darkness, and rush of smoke,
From vaporous gas that seized to choke,
From shrapnel's hiss, from machine sharp crack,
Where men went in and never came back,
Mid rifle whistle, and bayonet prod—
Where men in white madness forgot God!

Ring, from whence each component part
Glass maker, worker in metal art,
By prisoner chained in a Foreign land—
A German brain who all deft in hand
Shaping of ring—the one I now wear—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Somehow, I hold it a thing to fear
For terrible deed was surely done
When this metal hissed from smoking gun.

Centuries—Centuries long ago—
Artist in chamber walked to and fro,
For he commanded to shape design
Window that whispered of The Divine:
From window—looked at Cathedral shrine
Rising aloft in tapering grace
Stone fretting carved like as dainty lace—
Surely a Glory to God's own face.

But never design would come to him—
This day his great genius surely dim—
He knew that the glassmen waited there
To throw in furnace blast and flare
The Glory of Color he must name;
But best of his strivings now a shame,
So he chamber quit, in deep despair,
To seek inspiration anywhere.

Lo, into the chamber came a youth,
Heart singing of love, but lips were mute,
There dwelt in his soul a Holy thing
Love of master's daughter—Spring blossoming
Love, he dare not whisper to her ear.
He looked at the master's drawings, near,
All of them torn as in dire despair—
Of sudden he felt as wind in his hair
As if Seraph's wings had litten there:

That moment unto the chamber came
A maiden—then cheek and heart aflame—
His master's daughter, so sweetly fair,
The sea in her eyes, sun in her hair,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Lo, at her breast was a fresh plucked rose,
He laughed—for then in his brain arose
The colors wanted for the design:
“Stand still, Beloved—for work Divine!”

While the maiden stood, lo, his finger's flight
Brought a beautiful Glory to the sight—
The delicate colors seemed to glow
In Heavenly splendor, a grace to grow
In opulent splendor of light, of shade,
And as tracery, rare indeed, was made
Instead of two—lo, a third looked down,
The Master in rapture, without a frown.

So out of the glowing furnace flare
They brought him colors many and rare,
The lover wrought while the maiden smil'd:
The master gave Prentice his only child—
On the day that the window flashed in grace
The light through the colors fell on face
Of bridal couple—such love in eyes—
Through Rose Window God blest them from Paradise.

Artist and wife for centuries dead—
And now o'er four hundred years have sped
The millions on millions came to gaze,
Stood hushed in awe, giving silent praise.

Out of the mine and furnace blast—
Metal shaped to shrapnel shell at last
Filled with ingredients a demon brewed,
A lusty maiden this metal screwed
For mouthpiece—humming a tender song:
“Lover, why tarriest thou so long?”

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

My lips are hungry for tender kiss—
My heart is aching—for thee I miss.”

Shaping death missile, love thought aglow,
Where was her lover she did not know,
Somewhere her German lover now fought—
Then to her heart a terrible thought—
What if in future this shell was tossed
Then French Lover to his love be lost;
What if her lover a prisoner made,
The heart of the maiden sore afraid:

Then came a day that the fates had set—
The shell sent on its mission of death,
Through the Rose window the missile sped
Where lying on straw—but straw a bed—
Her wounded lover in chancel place
To His mind flashed up his sweetheart's face!
A flash, the German in death was laid
By shell that his sweetheart's hand had made.

The yellow haired Hun—to his disgrace—
Has shattered with shell The Holy Place!
Now the bats and owls the priests that be,
Rose window shattered that none can see.

They brought German prisoner this piece of glass—
The mouth of a shell—unsightly mass—
The German an artist adept and neat
In metal and glass—now here complete
This ring on my finger. See it glow—
This glass was a Glory long ago
In Rheim's Cathedral window of Rose;
How many that shrapnel killed—who knows?

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

LANSDOWNE

Lansdowne! We hope that thou a dotard art—
That not the worm Privilege at heart—
Nor terror stricken—with twice written plea,
“Peace with the Hun”—no matter what such be
For otherwise we hate a red blood Englishman
Would dare speak such despicable a plan—
Go take mulled wine—go to bed and sleep—
And let Lloyd George Honor of England keep:
Dotard or Poltroon which—go to the rear
With coward Pacifists make thou thy lair.

Lansdowne! It is no harm to wish for thee
What Belgium suffered of heart's agony—
We wish thy castles—houses all ablaze—
And that no cattle in thy pastures graze—
And all thy furnish—pictures—bronzes—books—
Carried to Berlin by the Prussian Crooks—
We dare not wish thy wife bore Prussian child—
Thy Daughters—well—at all this you had smiled,
And shake red hand that did thy pockets fleece,
And kiss wife's paramour—so war may cease,
Yes, and if needs be—say, if Prussian toots
Lansdowne would have us kiss the Prussians' boots!

Lansdowne! we fear from whence thy fearings
 lead
Making thee willing to condone vile deed—
Class Privilege looms larger to thine eyes
Than women butchered, starving children cries—
Ten million graves o'er which grass scarcely grown—
But that small price—if privilege thine own!
Ten million faces rotting turned to sky
But a small price so privilege ne'er die!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

"Let us to table, and patch-peace at best,
Give Allies peace—Prussia may hold the rest—
Let us dishonor England and her flag—
Cram human rights in Prussian's plunder bag!"

Peace with the Hun! the man who such words said
May well be fearful of the Hour when dead.
Where tens of millions slain by Huns shall stand—
He'll wish for Hell—or even a worse land—
Ten millions meet him all inspired by hate
That endless ages scarcely will abate—
The lowest pit of all the deep abyss
Would shrink from holding *privileged* wretch as this—
Who would for privilege the whole world betray
And let the Prussian Brute have his full sway.

Peace with the Hun! who never yet did say
For four long years—and to this very day—
That they were sorry for a single deed
That made this world a charnal house, indeed—
And every day we hear them boasting still—
Each day succeeding day the rolls of horror fill
With acts that surely stamp the Huns sublime
With a mad savagery and love of crime!

Peace with the Huns! whose hands are steeped in
gore
From breast of mothers where you sucked of yore,
Peace with the Huns who took your aged sire,
Stabbed with a laugh, and threw him on home fire,
Peace with the Huns who took your wife in arms
And made a regiment wallow in her charms,
Peace with the Huns that took your sister maid—
And lower than a prostitute had made,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Then branded with an iron cross on breast
To show a Hunnish father had possess'd,
Peace with the Huns who snatched babes from the
 breasts
And—who may say it?—for dogs knew the rest!

Peace with the Huns, Sweet God, such men should
 live!

Surely the Mother who her breast did give
To such a dastard truly was insane—
His mind mis-shapen—should have felt the pain
Of days in hunger, famished for bread crust,
Glad for dogs' leavings picked up from the dust,
Bedded as if cattle on a truss of straw,
From any wrong a victim of no law,
Lashed by the whip or struck with rifle butt,
And in the depth of winter without fire in hut—
Then surely if he could he would release
If he had Hun in power with kiss of Peace!

Peace with the Huns! Not 'til they shall repay!
Tho' that Impossible we well may say—
What of the many millions slaughtered e'er their
 prime—

Is there no Hun to suffer for such crime?
Must they go free, the murderers, thief knaves
Who held three Nations shackled as if slaves,
Who starved, and robbed, dishonored women fair—

Go Free! Look up to Heaven and ask if God is
 there?

Germans, Repent! and make ye full amends—
Surely not otherwise to call ye friends—
Send back The Prussian Huns to their own place

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

For they a curse to whole Germanic Race!
Too long has Prussian hypnotized the mind
Of people once an honor to mankind—
For the Germanic People yet can be
Gracious in soul-friend to Humanity.

And Lansdowne! may you live to see the day
When your Class Privilege be swept away—
And the Estates which you did inherit,
Not won by labor, nor exceeding merit,
But held by thee, from whence you took rich spoil
From half starved labor whose sweat and toil
Held thee at ease—For Self didst never see
The sorrow, fears and tears of poverty!
May all thy Parks and Pleasure Grounds that now
Held selfish—soon be given to the plow,
To seeding, and to reaping by the men
Now landless, who did England's battle win
In fever trench—trod Flanders' mud and mire—
Facing o'er all the Earth the foeman's fire—
Bearing War's Burdens in the Sand and Sun—
Whose brothers perished e'er the victory won!
Thy Lands not plundered—but given a price
That may thy wants as Commoner suffice—
And thou no more be of the ruling class—
But doff your hat when England's Heroes pass,
For thou art proven traitor by thy words
Who had bowed England to the Hunnish swords—
Go to—and be a commoner in street—
And hang your head wherever freemen meet.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

Seventy times seven!—Peter, did you hear—
O soul, we far outnumber that in any year,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Aye month, aye week, alas in every day—
Lord Christ, be merciful I humbly pray.

Reckon the numbers for full fifty years—
Countless the sum that penitential tears

Can never wash a single one away—
No matter what we do—nor how we pray

The midnight vigil seems but to distress
Then sins stand out in fearful hideousness,
And we are children, cowering in the bed,
With bed clothes vainly covering up the head.

Lo, when the conscience stricken with its sin
'Tis vain, indeed, surcease from terror win—

All sins stand lurid as in lightning flash,
We trembling wait God's voice in thunder crash.

But when the truth comes to the stricken mind
No Hope in self—nor consolation find—

Then in the Blood Atonement we are shriven
By Faith in Christ, and every sin forgiven!

Still seventy times seven we still transgress—
But with confession comes a voice to Bless,

For tho' transgressions numberless as sands
Forgiving ever still The Lord Christ stands!

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON THE TOP OF THE HILL

Oh, the people who live on The Top of The Hill
They ever are quiet, they ever are still,
They never cry out, and they never make moan,
But reside on The Top of The Hill all alone:
They live all alone and they never come down,
Lo, their houses arrayed in squares like a town,
Some mansions are stately, some houses are poor,
But all are contented their lot to endure.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The strength of contentment is ever their lot,
The heat of the noontide is never too hot,
They never are cold 'neath a blanket of snow,
They calmly accept what the seasons bestow:
The clang of fierce labor comes never to them,
They toil not, nor fester in factories grim,
They never are weary—are never afraid—
Of the rush of foul panics or maelstrom of trade.

They have shade trees and shrubs at The Top of
The Hill,
And bushes of flowering—and daisies at will
Run over the green grass, and no nettles there,
But flowers that are splendid, and blossoms rare:
Oft peoples who toil in the valley far down
A weary—oft sigh for The Hill Top's fair town,
Oft wish for the day that their footsteps will go
From slush of their town to where peace flowers grow.

And there are abiding of every age
The youth, and the man, and the child, and the sage,
The wife, and the mother, the girl, and the maid;
The servant of master there never afraid,
And riches and glory they never desire:
No war trumpet blowing inflaming dark ire,
The demagogue's flattery stirs not their will—
All are friends, and no foes, on The Top of The Hill.

It is sweet peace and rest on The Top of The Hill—
No bustle, no hurry, no short hours to will,
Today, and tomorrow, is ever the same,
The busy man never puts laggards to shame,
The poor grow no poorer—the rich win no more—
No one in his station has aught to deplore,
They never are fretful—ah, life is so still
With the people who live on The Top of The Hill.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

There is no fool's laughter, no ribaldry's jest,
For they are the wisest, most faultless, and best,
No cheating, defrauding, no thievery there,
No sinning, no luring of vice, and despair,
The voice of all passion forever is still
When the roughest go up to The Top of The Hill,
But ever the calm, and no passionate thrill—
Lo, the Glory of Death on The Top of The Hill.

THE HOUSE OF TROUBLE AND CARE

Why dwell in the House of Trouble and Care
With never a friend your hardships to share?
What tho' your larder have gracious store—
Yet ever the wishing for more and more,
Cares many are haunting the heart, as flies,
Are changing to dun the blue of the skies,
So bitter the tasting of sweetest cup;
Care crying—"the locusts are eating up
The promise of harvest, the worm, mildew,
The Russian fly, and birds not a few,
Devouring the grasses, and berries spoil;
Alas, 'tis little for wearisome toil;"
And ever the thought—"There's Death in the pot
While Prophet to heal is far from the spot;"
Ah, woe 'tis indeed, past even compare,
To Dwellers in House of Trouble and Care.

Come move from the House of Trouble and Care—
Where Peace and Contentment are smiling to share
With largeness of heart—cares, frettings, and tears;
Faith's music a humming through all the years,
Wherever the thought of better tomorrow
Takes poisonous breath from every sorrow;

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

As seemeth the lot of all human to share
Sup and bit from platter of Earthly care ;
But when The Care Giver hath pierced hand
Tho' the heart on earth may not understand,
Yet Faith and Hope be singers to thee,
Not knowing the why of Pain's Mystery—
(Yet, still a numbness in every shock)
Love, Faith, and Hope's fingers to shield interlock,
And surely, One Strong, each sorrow will share—
So quit thou the dwelling with Trouble and Care.

O Human, come dwell in the House of Content—
Tho' floor be all earthen—and roof often rent—
The rooms be not large, nor ceiling be high,
Nor pictures nor paintings to gladden the eye,
Yet comfort abideth in every room—
The window all open so banishing gloom—
The cupboard hath ever oil cruise and meal,
For Faith will never her rare bread conceal,
Faith knows in each room there ever will be
The Sense of A Presence earth eyes cannot see ;
For, lo, on the lintel and posts of the door
Blood sprinkled with Hyssop—so never more
The Angel to enter and smite for thy sin—
Lo, the Peace of The Crucified resteth therein!
Then no matter in what shape earth sorrows are sent
Christ shares Trouble and Care in The House of Content.

A SONG OF HOPE

O, Patric, my Patric,
The darksome days will come,
And all the love notes in my heart
Shall be forever dumb ;

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And the sweet sunlight of thine eyes
For me shall shine no more—

O, Patric,—my Patric,
My heart is very sore.

For soon my bud to blossom grows,
And I shall not behold

The sweetness of her maidenhood
To womanhood unfold:

Then other eyes shall see her grace,
Nor I be here to see

The winsomeness upon her face,
Her laugh of melody.

Shall see no more the bright eyes flash
At something strange and new

In picture book, and jingle rhyme,
So sweetly lisped by you;

The opening stretches of thy mind
Seen by mine eyes no more—

O, Patric, my Patric,
My heart is very sore.

Aye, I would hedge thy footsteps in
From any grief and care,

Wherever should thy footstep come
Roses and lilies fair,

And birds should sing on every tree
With a rare caroling,

And in the sunshine thou shouldst go
Without once suffering.

And yet, perchance, it were not best
That thou a fragile thing,

But one of lofty mind possessed
To sing as lark may sing;

And when my voice behushed in death
Thou take this note of mine—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And thou as long as drawing breath
Sing sweet songs all divine ;

For I would wish the singer's robes
Around about thee thrown,

To sing a welcoming song to Him
Who comes to take Earth's throne ;

And this my wish, and this my prayer,
And if such given thee—

What matter if in time we part—
We'll have Eternity !

Enough to eat—enough to wear—
With freedom for each song—

Is all that I would wish for thee
Be waiting short or long :

Till at the change, I see thy face,
And feel thy kiss as yore,

Then Patric,—my Patric,
'Tis Glory ever more !

FALSE DEMOCRACY

Democracy—Man's Shibboleth today—
Sweep we the Czars, the Emperors away—
And even Kings must give up courteous sway.

Democracy—like virus in the air
Intoxicating all, so men declare
(As if it were a God) "Rule Everywhere !"

Democracy—will-o-wisp, vain conceit,
Beneath its ægis every known deceit—
With brazen law Commercial Wolves can cheat.

Democracy—with evil men in power
Can only flourish for the briefest hour,
It scarce hath buddeth when worm in the flower.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Democracy—vaunted as “pure, blue flame”—
(But in it Evils that we dare not name)—
In Coming Hour be surely put to shame.

Democracy—the vainest boast of men—
Who will not see their folly and their sin
Can never victory o’er men’s passions win!

Democracy—a dream of Wilful Man
Who in Jehovah’s Face since world began
Have cried. “Our Wills must ever in the van!”

Democracy—painted-woman in her youth
Seems to be Honor and a Glorious Truth—
A voice of Glory never to be mute:

Democracy—first a glowing thought—
A Path of Glorious Peace that all men sought—
Surely a Failure ever more distraught.

Democracy—the gilded, pompous, brazen show,
Careless if creed come from above—below—
On men of every Creed will Rule bestow.

Democracy—would rule without a God—
Wrest from God’s fingers governmental rod—
It will disown—and on God’s Laws has trod.

Democracy—a changing thing must be
Changing with moods of blind Humanity—
Chameleon to suit expediency!

Democracy—it casts aside *The Book*,
Lo, in *Jehovah’s Book* they will not look—
So wisdom by the Human soon forsook.

Democracy—is the CHRIST’S Enemy
It will not own an Exile King is He
Who yet *must* come to purge humanity!

Democracy—is but a passing phase—
For, lo, man’s Governments since earliest Days
All have been Failures, wretched in their ways!

Democracy—a skimming on thin ice—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Above—the precepts critically nice,
Below—arrogantly, bold, unblushing vice—
Democracy—shall fail, as fail all rule
To men permitted—man's Government a School
To show Humanity without God,—plays the fool!

Democracy—Destroyed: then Anarchy
Shall lift its ruthless face, as fishes be
Without a Government in rushing of the sea.

Democracy—is doomed—an evil thing—
Stricken to death by ONE, on cloudy wing,
IN ONE—THE CZAR, THE EMPEROR, THE
KING!

Democracy—shall perish from the Earth!
Theocracy! shall give the World new birth—
Filling the World with Plenty, Peace, and Mirth.

GRACE ONLY

And now I know 'tis Grace alone—
If Christ His Grace withdraws
Who then for Sinner—me, atone
For all God's broken laws?
My hope is in The Christ alone.
I cannot do God's will,
No other for the past atone,
And I a Sinner still.
Then if of Grace, and Grace alone,
Salvation is Divine,
His Death did for my sins atone,
His Righteousness is mine!
Free Grace, Sweet Grace, Sovereign Grace,
Be mine to ever sing,
Until I see The Blessed Face
And bow before the King.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

THE FLAG OF DAVID

"At Jewish convention—the audience were electrified with joy when the White and Light Blue Banner with double Star of David displayed, where one kissed with the lips the flag—then shouts shook the Auditorium."

"O, Kiss the Flag—Great David's flag—
And let it be no more a rag—
With shouts we bring it from the grave,
And it shall proudly, flaunting wave
Above once wildly scattered Race—
Once more o'er Zion's Holy Place.

Lord God of Jacob! hear our prayer,
Now that war-ceasing time draws near
When all the Nations shall have peace,
O, Give Thine Ancient Land release
From Turkish misrule—leperous hand—
Free, Free in our time Thine Own Land!
Cause Thou the Nations to restore,
Owned by our Race for ever more—
Let Israel once more lift her face
With pride—the peer of any race—
One 'mid the Nations—we as they
'Neath kindly Democratic sway;
A Nation in Race Brotherhood,
No more cast out—misunderstood—
One of the many Nations true—
And not despised because a Jew!"

Surely, the time is close at hand
When Part of Israel shall stand
Possessors of The Holy Land—
Nations with their request comply.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Alas, shall come more darkened sky
Than ever shrouded them before,
Again their enemies shall roar
As angry beasts pursue the prey—
For Jacob's Trouble on that day
More direful than in all past years—
A day of Agony and fears—
When full two-thirds in all the land
Perish by persecutors' hand.
Then He—*The One* they do despise
Shall in His Royal Anger rise—
He to His own Race shall be true—
Go forth to fight with Foes of Jew—
And He alone, with words of lips,
The Gentile Glory shall eclipse—
And saved alone by His own hand—
His Race, His City, and His Land!

Alas, the Veil still on their eyes—
In their self Righteousness despise—
The Rabbi, Leaders, Hoary Sage,
Blind to their own Prophetic Page—
As blind men grope against a wall
Of sorrow—that may well appal.

He whom The Trinity sent forth
They mocked Him—made of Him a sport—
Butt of Sanhedrim—Herod's Court—
And He, Their King, they crucified
On Cross; *heart broken The King died!*
His rights to Pilate had denied—
"*His Blood on us and Children!*" cried.
A Jew He lived—a Jew He died—
A Jew arose and cast aside
The garments of the tomb—arose

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Conqueror of all His foes—
Sitting in Heaven is still a Jew
To City—Land, and Race still true.
They would not listen to The One
Jehovah's Well Beloved Son—
So, to their doom The Nation went—
As stubborn will could not be bent—
They scattered to four winds of Heaven—
And still are wanderers unforgiven—
Surely, their City desolate—
And they the butt and jest of fate—
Branded by hate—a people cast
O'er all the Earth, no simoom blast
More fierce than hate—more fierce than scorn—
From morn to night—from night to morn—
Surely, for many centuries
No people suffered like to these—
Fulfilled to letter all may see
Curses in Deuteronomy!

Hail to The Flag—The Royal Flag!
No more motheaten, despised rag,
For it shall be a Holy Thing
The Emblem of a world wide King!
Upon its folds there yet shall blaze
Glory and Light,—Ancient of Days,
Jehovah Christ in Zion dwell—
The King of Grace—Immanuel!

THO' I A GENTILE

Tho' I a Gentile I shall surely see
Israel's return from their captivity;
Tho' long years dead, and mouldered in the grave,
I shall arise the day that Christ shall save

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

His People from the Antichrist's grim hand,
When Dread and Terror stalk across the land,
Old Roman Gentile Nations then shall be
In one vast, evil, mad confederacy
To crush The Chosen People—and make void
The Race, The City, Temple—all to be destroy'd—
So that no living creature of the race
Should ever more behold a Gentile face,
From under Heaven the Race be blotted out ;
In olden Roman land West, East, North, South,
Eyes meet no wanderer of the accursed race,
All slain as vermin in their dwelling place,
Name Israel, nor Jehovah—None dare name
Except with hiss, and curse, and word of shame.

O Gentile Brothers ! scorn ye such words ?
They are not mine—most surely are The Lord's,
And such most certainly shall come to pass.
Are men not Guilty ? lo, Alas ! Alas !
Believing not The Scriptures, shall hold tryst
With him who soon shall come—the Antichrist !
That time is coming—surely draweth near—
When Gentiles, Words of Scripture will not hear
From Rostrum, nor from pulpit, but a screed
Of Blasphemy, Defiance of Christ's Creed—
So maddened with fierce rage at Christian Light
Shall stumble headlong to the awful night
Of Unbelief, and mouthing heaven shall be
Despisers of The Christ—The Trinity !

Lo, when Christ hissed at, as Jehovah, God !
Then sends Jehovah The Assyrian Rod—
Then reign of vast, and Perfect Wickedness,
A reign of Terror, and of dire distress—
"The Day of Jacob's Trouble!" ne'er before

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The like of such—and shall be never more
As long as earth remains, and peoples be!
By Day and Night, pains of adversity;
Lo, every thought and act of lust assail—
Outrage on woman—slow death to the male—
At home, abroad destruction fierce and strong—
Victims of ruthlessness and mocking song.

*And the First Sign that such is near at hand—
The Jewish earnest hope the Nations will command
The Turks give up the land that they have cursed!*

Then like a flower, Returned Jews shall burst
A sudden glow in all its golden bloom—
Like to great spirits rising from a tomb—
They with New Babylon shall take the part
Of Sisters in Commercialism, Art;
The Rivals in attainments world wide scope.
Blasted in instant Israel's every hope
For Antichrist shall bid them to kneel down
And place upon his brow The God-head Crown—
One-third in all the land shall not obey—
So then his fury bursts, and he shall lay
His iron hand to throttle her to death—
Swearing no Jew on Earth shall draw a breath.
Enkindles all the fury of his wrath
To crush the race who dared to bar his path
To Universal Worship—

Then when they
Are shut up to Jehovah—He alone
Can pity, spare—Then Christ from His Great Throne
Comes down in wrath—and with a single word
Crush every foe!

Then Israel see her Lord—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Acknowledge Him—Redeemer, and their King—
So ever rest beneath His sheltering wing.

THE LIFE OF A SONG

Laura's slender fingers ran o'er the keys
Of organ, in airy, plaintive mood,
Some dainty song a lover had chimed.
Listening, I thought of a summer wood,
Murmuring streams, blue violets fair,
And love grown sweeter in solitude.
Laura's slender fingers ran o'er the keys—
Then a sudden crash, a lightning blaze—
Dazzling, beautiful, swiftest light,
So terribly strong in all its ways,—
Song of Defiance, of Love, of Death,
The grandly marvellous Marseillaise!
Little, Lille, you thought as you sang
To Dietrick's daughters thy new born lay,—
But looking for praise in their bright eyes
Trembling thy heart at what one may say,—
Thou wert the voice of a million hearts—
A nation's song had been born that day!
Little brave Dietrick thought as he brought,
Filling thy cup with last of his wine—
In his red wine was a spirit divine
To inspire that passionate cry of thine!
Oh, when such marvelous blossom before
From clustering boughs of Frankish vine!
Thy song no more—'tis a nation's song,
A nation mad with a new delight,
Gaunt giant who long in darkness groped,—
Cripple who finds in his limbs new might,—
What wonder if he in new found life

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Is dazed and crazed with the sudden light!
What wonder if he when foes combine
To crush in his soul the new born light,
Would spring on his foes, as the tiger springs
To guard its young from the hunter's might,
Would feel in his heart the hate of hell
And show red fangs in the horrid fight.
What wonder if he with tyrant's crush'd
Cowardly craven, kissing his feet,
Should give of the cup that they had given—
Deep cup of bitterness—nowise sweet—
Filled to the brim—death mingled with gall—
A terrible vengeance—dire, complete!

"Send us some men that can dare or die."
And gay Marseille by the summer sea
From vineyard, orange and olive groves,
Where the rich fruit hung deliciously,
Sent six hundred sons to dare, to do,
Six hundred to die, if needs must be!
"Ah, fair indeed is our tideless sea,
Where 'mid spicy groves our sweet homes lie,
How sweet the bliss of the loving kiss
Our women cling for a long good bye—
Tears—are we not men, be true, be strong,
Northward we turn to do or to die!
Our feet are firm, and our hearts are flint,
Woe to the foe, be it priest or king!"
Do you hear, O France, that martial tread?
Do you hear the song the heroes sing?
O Paris, mad with a thousand fears,
Do you hear the cry the south winds bring?
O, sing us again this God-sent song;
Brave Brothers, again this song divine;

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

It nerveth the heart, strengthens our souls,
As the weak wax strong from flery wine—
Scatters our fears as the tempest breath
Shaketh the cones from the northern pine.

What thinkest thou of the song they sing,
King Louis, son of a hundred Kings?
O, stately Queen! with thy haughty mien,
Do you hear the song the rabble sings
Knowest thou fear as thou prayest to hear
The flap of the Austrian eagle's wings?
O, had you a mate for your brave soul
Would the rabble chant this new found song?
Was ever such eagle soul begirt
With such dastard, vulture courtier throng?
Ah, hapless woman, thy queenly brow,
Shall be crowned with thorns for their great wrong!

Now thy war-eagles hear it, O, France,
They awake, as it were, from a dream,
Winging forth to meet victory's sun,
And to bask in her magical beam,—
See, how Europe's Kings pale with affright
As they list to your passionate scream.
Dumouriez, how goes the battle now?
Lost! see the Austrians fringe each height,
Resistless—down like an avalanche
They come all victorious in the fight—
Oh, shame of God! see our steel-clad ranks
Broken, now scatter in dastard flight!
Sing then, that song, 'tis a God-sent thought;
" 'Tis trumpet note on the soldier's ear:
" 'Tis my country's call, O, coward heart,
Dishonor—not death, hast thou to fear!
Shall France be ruled by a despot's hand?—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Well that may be, but my grave is here."
See, each coward grasps his fallen steel,
Hark! that song is sounding like the sea,
Now before that rush of song and steel
See, the Austrians waver, turn, they flee.
Now our lion-might has won each height,
O, Lille! be thine this victory!

What have they done to thee, O, sweet song,
O, song that was once our soul's desire,
(Clad in rich garments, beautiful, white,) Thy words in our hearts as though of fire—
Now in our ears as a song of dread,
Thy garments all splashed with blood and mire?
Now speed thee, Lille, with all thy might,
Hark, the pursuers are coming near!
Why started thou as a guilty thing?
Why shivers thy soul with deadly fear?
Is the song that thy pursuers sing
A blast of Doom in the father's ear?
Heard you that cry? 'Tis the night wind's sigh;
What ghastly thing is that floating there?
Horrible marriage—see they have bound
A man to her breast with her own long hair!
A demon throng are singing that song
'Mid curse and prayer of wild hearts despair!
Oh, women, knitters, where are your hearts,
Singing this song in this horrible place,
The victims who die on the guillotine high,
Turning to you each wild, wan face?
Some braver than pain sing your refrain—
There waiting their turn for Death's embrace.
What Dietrich, thou on the scaffold too?
What song is this on the dying ear?

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

How thy brave heart swelled when Lille sang,
With thy daughters' voices joining clear—
Cradled this song at thine own fireside,
Now the rabble are singing it here!
Hark you! how the rabble roar and shout—
Brave victims bound in the tiger's lair!
Slowly the hurdles of death go by,
The noble, the brave, the wise are there,
Smooth brows that manhood has scarcely kissed,
And heads that are crowned with whitened hair,
See, now they ascend the scaffold steps,
Now hark how that song rings clear and free,
What—is this the end, O, singers brave?
Is France the France you had wished to see?
Thy work complete, all thy hopes fulfilled,
And this the pean of victory?
One tongue is chilled—another is stilled,
Now the song grows faint, but not with dread.
The song birds are falling one by one,
The knife from the volume of song is fed—
O Veignaud! thy voice rings out alone!
The song is ended, the singers are dead.

Where hast thou been, O wandering song?
'Cross the snowy Alps with noiseless tread,
And 'neath the blue of Italian skies,
Sweet vengeance poured on the Austrian head.
From my fiery words and flashing swords,
The baffled minions of Austria fled.
The Eternal City heard my words,
Its ruler paled at his breviary,
And stifled curses instead of prayers
Were counted on beads of ivory,—
But Rienzi's spirit leaped up to meet

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

My new-born cry of Liberty!
And fair Greece heard, in her sleep she smiled,
Was it a dream of Thermopylae;
And the frightened Turk his prophet asked
Of what Christian language mine may be.
Grim tyrants paled, and their purpose failed,
From shore to shore of the inland sea,
The pyramids echoed back my words,—
The sphinx looked down with a sullen stare—
Ah, surely a curse was in that look
'Twas defeat, disaster, death, despair,—
And my words were but a ghostly sound
Mingled with dying warriors prayer!
To the north—northeast, the eagles flew,
Ha, the Russian bear is glorious game!
Backward he shrank with sullen growl—
Now on to the death the eagles came!
To their death, alas, with victory won
Saw Ichabod written by Moscow's flame!

Alas! alas, thy singers are everywhere,
Nameless they sleep—but a glorious band,
Some have found their graves 'neath the ocean's waves,
Others enriching the stranger's land,
'Neath Italian skies, 'neath Russia's snows,
Beneath Syria's wastes of burning sand.

Bann'd thee, yes, banished thee, O sweet song,
Robbed the tongue of its pleasures of thee;
O, tyrant great thy imperial power,
Now calm thou the wind, and still the sea,
Could rob the lightning of thunder crash,
And guide the hurricane's revelry!
Earth's fountains are deep, and living springs
Under granite hills will work their way—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

What adamant mountains hold them fast
From leaping to greet the light of day?
O, tyrant! where is thy boasted power?
A song has smitten thy despot sway!

ON READING ARNOLD'S POEM ON OLD AGE

Thou pessimistic Poet of Old Age,
I pity thee in reading of thy page
If thy heart felt the sorrow thou didst sing—
Tho' surely it has that within its ring
That whispers 'tis the record of thine heart—
Almost thy swan song e'er thou didst depart
Not knowing whither that thy soul would go,
Feeling that life a struggle, where in woe
Had ribbon, or gray mantle for each day;
Of late did seldom fretting flee away.

Youth's dreams, ambition vaunting and all bold
Now shriveled, lukewarm, almost chilly cold,
And all life's way let traces of the feet
With little stains of blood the eye to greet;
Vast, broad the hopes—the path fair, broadening one—
Alas, as years went by, rugged as feet pressed on
Until at last it was a narrowing path
Dinted on either side with thorns of wrath,
Keen disappointment in the aftermath:
For tho' the songs and essays keen and crisp—
The scathing words of scorn the soul did lisp,
Showing the Soul not satisfied to rest
With "mummified" respectability at best;
Knowing a something wrong in all the world—
The stinging arrows that thy pen had hurl'd
To slay iniquities that cursed the age
And the Great men were dazzled by thy Page,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Knew in their heart the message running true
Praising advice—but actions would not do.

And surely, Arnold, may I think at last
Knowing State preferment time had pass'd,
And thou must lay aside thy subtle wit,
Be judged in years to come by what was writ—
Finished thy life work be it wrong or right,
There came The Spirit with the flaming Word
Smote to thy heart—revealed our Blessed Lord!
So felt, if thou could write another line
'Twould be confession that The Christ Divine—
Christ more than mortal—aye, Thy God indeed,
Who could give fellowship in time of need—
Would solve the Riddle of Earth wretchedness,
If men would harken Christ would surely bless.
I was most glad to read—how summer day,
You at the stile, with earnest lips did say,
"That Christ was your Redeemer." When words
read—

My Soul cried out with joy that such you said.

Surely the passing of life's even bright—
Had you been spared you surely would indite:
"Lo, Christ is He, who led me all the way—
And tho I knew Him not—He followed every day—
His presence makes my dark December, May,
With Him in Paradise I shall abide
Saved by the Blood of The Christ Crucified."

A MILLION CRIPPLES IN EUROPE

A million cripples in Europe—

The maimed, the halt, and the blind,
The brain nerves shattered forever—
Men of the wandering mind.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

A million cripples in Europe—

Once the flower of life were they,
They came from the marshes of battle
With blot, and rot of decay.

A million cripples in Europe—

Who went out with song on lips,
They were The Sons of The Morning,
They creep back in foul eclipse!

A million cripples in Europe—

Once young, and free of pain,
Once were the sons of thunder,
And now far better the slain!

A million cripples in Europe—

Alas, as they now pass by
A shudder to the Beholder—

“Poor men, were it not best to die!”

A million cripples in Europe—

Are held by an iron chain,
They bound as slaves forever—
Lo, free men never again.

A million cripples in Europe—

Plucked in the Flower of their youth,
Thrown out as if scraps of rubbish,
Forever discarded lute.

A million of cripples in Europe—

Sweet Pity with smiles first met—
Alas, if the maidens marry

’Tis only at last regret!

A million of cripples in Europe—

Full soon will the people say:
“’Twere best they had died in trenches
Than scare our children today.”

A million cripples in Europe—

When they came from fire and wrath

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

We scattered the way with roses—
But what of the aftermath?
A million of cripples in Europe—
Before them the long years stretch—
With young blood all a-tingle—
Each only a beggar wretch!
A million cripples in Europe—
Apples of Sodom to gain,
They feel as death had cheated—
Better to sleep with the slain.
A million cripples in Europe—
To the virile one a stench,
It were best they had been sleeping
In the shell hewn, muddy trench.
A million of cripples in Europe—
Oh, *Christ*, they are known to THEE—
THY pitying eye will not pass by
Where the many prisoners be.
For cold grows the earthly pity,
Averted the Human eye,
In the vale, the hamlet, City,
Wherever the cripples sigh,
Be near and reveal THY Glory
Thou hast trodden wrath's wine press too—
So whisper to them the story—
Oh, bring to each mind the view—
THY SELF *in their Blood Redemption*
From sin, from sorrow, from tears,
So believing—a Full Exemption—
And joy in the limitless years!

RAMA

The bitter cry of Rama is not dead—
The Mother Rachels are not comforted

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Weeping for first born, and for youngest son—
Cursing the day when manhood years were won
And they went forth at master's call like sheep—
Butchered—unburied—in mud trenches deep.

Lo, Europe is the Rama, and there stands
The weeping Mothers with their thin, worn hands,
From weary toiling to bring up young life
To be like water wasted in this strife.
Lo, with white lips for ever more is said:

“Where have we laid my little boy now dead?
I want to kiss the spot where he is laid—
They tell me in the battle he displayed
A splendid valor—what is that to me?
I only want my little boy to see—
Or at his grave to whisper as before
Your bloody hands from Mother bosom bore:
I know he wants me just to kiss his hair—
Fondle his hands—and when he knows I'm there
He'll sleep the sounder—and more satisfied.
God! Is it naught to thee my son so died—
Quenched his young life that scarce had bubbled forth—
So full of laughter, ever making sport
Of any labor that he did for me.
And from his life a fresh young life to see!
O God! You envied me in my delight,
And with rough hand had plucked him from my sight—
And so among the rotten corpses as he lies!
Hast thou more pleasure in Thy upper skies—
My one ewe lamb, and thine uncountable,
My lips can never form the words “'Tis well!”
Now that my one ewe lamb is torn—hath died—
Art thou in Holy Temple—satisfied!”

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Lo, as she cried, vindictive, with stern eye—
Behold, to her The Blessed One came nigh,
Saying, "O Daughter, be thou of good cheer
Through all thy life I be thy Son anear;
Thy Boy is singing in my Paradise—
And ever for Thee watching door, his eyes."

A WORLD GONE MAD

(Women's Plea in 1914, "Let Us Have Peace.")

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
The War Disease a maggot in the brain—

Lo, all your pleading gracious and so sad
Are uttered unto ears who hold ye vain.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
Both men and women furies for red War—

And mind ye, next door neighbors who are glad
For fearful Warrings—not a nation far!

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad
As Reason had abandoned Human Soul—

Lo, even women, in red garment clad,
Their voices crying for War's thunder roll.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad
To whom ye lately pleaded for sweet peace—

Such women cry, that Peace is but a fad,
And would not have the shrapnel's hissing cease.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
As Great Destroyer of the Human came

Grasping the strong man—and the laughing lad—
As pure Destruction was the only aim.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
And tho' your speeches clad in common sense,

No better reasoning surely wisdom had,
For all your pleadings passionate, intense.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
Asking for Horrors and Destruction's flame
They know full well War has no silken pad,
Women deflowered, child murder, and men's shame.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
To Poland, Belgium burned, torn, rent,
Yet still men wish to horror—horrors add
As self destruction the one sole intent.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
As if some fatal gas filled all the air—
That something all essentially most bad,
Not be reckoned with, filled atmosphere.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
The seething, tossing of the Nation's vast,
The dearest, nearest joy of every heart
Unto the hissing of War's maelstrom cast.

Can ye not see it is a World gone mad—
Ye trembling, fearsome, utterly most weak,
For Peoples will not listen to love's cries
They smite with fury any warner's cheek.

O, Gracious Women, useless is the task—
A Mightier Hand than yours rules everything,
Ye in a little space in Peace shall bask
And after that—War and Satanic King.

WHAT IS THE GRAVE?

What is The Grave?

A lodgement for the night
When in the West a setting of the sun,
A place of halting when Earth's days are done
Where one may slumber 'til the Morning Light.
The feet a tired with dust and travel stain,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The hand a palsied weary of the task,
The back abent aweary of the strain,
When all the nerves a little slumber ask.

O, Keeper of the Gate! a bed prepare,
What matter be the chamber low, or high,
I shall but few hours take a slumber there,
For I am listening for The Master's cry.

Thus far I've traveled nor have met my Lord,
Surely His feet no longer afar off—
For, lo, I humbly trust His blessed Word—
Nor turn aside by atheistic scoff.

I know that He shall come, nor will delay,
And tho' my flesh dissolve to unseen gas,
And tho' my bones shall crumble to decay
And turn to dust to fertilize the grass;
I know full well the moment He appears
Components of my flesh return again,
I shall arise with prime of former years
Without a blemish, not a stain of sin.
As He is—so then I—a perfect thing—
With all Eternity before my feet—
Growing more wise—a grander fashioning—
More gracious, winsome, perfectly complete.

And so the grave is but a wayside inn
Where I may rest until I hear glad cry:
"The Bridegroom cometh!" Then I shall enter in
The Glory of The Christ as He comes nigh.

So I shall lay me down in faith, in trust,
The sneer of unbelief my faith ne'er numbs,
'Twill be light sleeping—then spring up from the dust
To meet my Lord the moment that He comes!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

THE FIRST ADVENTURERS

The first adventurers a sturdy race—
Who in canoes haunted the changing face
Of these great water stretches, surely brave
In birch frail bottoms these grand seas to brave,
With hostile Indians ever on their flank.
Lo, we forget them, and we seldom thank
The men, who daring, vast dominion made,
Who trod through forest, lagoon, and dark glade,
Grim Heralds of the millions yet to come—
The many thousands born in garret slum,
In hunger, poverty, and dismal plight,
The creatures ever haunted with the blight
Of slow starvation.

Lo, the men who went
Into the wilderness with stern intent
To conquer and possess—made possible
A land where hunger never more need dwell.
Those First Adventurers—Chevalier and Boor—
The ruined nobleman, and the bitter poor—
The Cavalier, the Honest, and the Knave—
The branded felon, and the chartered slave—
All—all had tasks, and each one held his place
The some in honor, and for some disgrace,
No matter what their aim—selfish or grand—
They won for us a heritage, a land
Of Rivers, lakes—all excellently vast!
So we revere those Heroes of the past—
Forgive their sinning—faults we may bewail—
They faced to conquer—and they did prevail
O'er countless obstacles which barred their path;
The savage wild beasts, and the Indian's wrath,
Fought fearless—conquered—and in battle died—
Forgotten, buried by the rough lake's side,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Or in deep forests, noisome, full of dread—
And now they sleep forgotten in rough bed
Unwept, unmourned, the almost nameless dead,
With just a few names on the roll of fame—
The vaster number never known by name.

And we their great possessions now possess,
Dominion won by them in grim distress:
So here, an idler by the water side,
I watch the restless labor of the tide
Forever coming in with constant roar,
Beating as if in fury sandy shore:
A thousand voices with the swash of song,
As if they mouthed of an awful wrong
That man had cursed them with—rush on the beach
As if in protest—as they died beseech
Humanity to lift the curse from them—
As if from caverns vast in purpose grim
They came with anger of a troubled mind
Asking of men the cursing to unbind,
And set them free as they were free before,
To murmur only praise on sandy shore:
To me it seems as if the wild waves knew
Man to His maker had been false, not true,
But a great sinner in his wickedness!
Such sinning brought to waters great distress;
So for millenniums did them grievous wrong,
And crying now, their waves did ever long
For Christ's sweet blessing and exceeding grace,
So that no more come storms upon their face
Making them instruments of woe and wreck,
As they would be without a single fleck
Of wilfulness—and only servants be
To Christ, and man throughout Eternity!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Now as I sit and listen to wave cries
I know that Christ will not their prayers despise,
And He who spoke of old in Galilee
Shall so the like, unto this Inland Sea
Shall with pierced hand outstretched say, "Peace!"
And ever more the evil tempests cease
And man, and waves, a listening to His voice
Shall only worship singing, so rejoice.

THE HOME FOR EVERMORE.

The World was made for Man and it shall be
His Dwelling Place through vast Eternity,
Once lost Man's Kingdom—but, O Glorious thought
Christ's Blood Redemption the Possession bought,
And soon Christ comes to give the world once more
To man—and shortly, surely shall restore
Its Eden beauty—aye, shall even more—
Add Blessings—Blessing of a countless store
To this vast world. Lo, He shall purify
The Earth, the sea, the ever bending sky,
Of sin and its miasma. Lo, good health
Shall spring forever, and abundant wealth
Of eatables; and, lo, as common things
The purple and the daintiest now for Kings—
And man all paramount—Sinless as before—
Shall serve in love and adoration evermore.

VAST IGNORANCE

I am amazed at my vast ignorance—
'Tis as a sea of infinite expanse,
With depths profound which never saw the sun—
Now half a century—what have I won

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

To add unto the statue of my mind—
With every passing year I only find
My ignorance of even common things
The most profound—a worm without wings—
Who had wild dreams that he at last would fly
And be a dazzling creature of the sky.
Most clear my ignorance was revealed today
As mid museums' treasures I took way,
For with a jaunty idleness I went
To see what wonders men's deft hands had rent
From silent nature, who her secrets hide
And in a house of silence doth abide
Closed lips, sad eyes, and finger that conceals,
And only to keen searchers she reveals
Her hidden pools of riches, to lift up
A sip or two, in a most tiny cup,
A sip of knowledge from her boundless wealth;
As man a thief had only gained by stealth
One jewel from the millions in her box;
The patient one who tries to pick her locks
Catches a glimmer of the splendors hid—
Alas, we cannot lift the coffin lid.
Adam possessed Her knowledge—but his race
To retrogression now stands in dark place,
And merely children knocking at the gate,
Man's knowledge like the scratching on child's slate
Distorted—crude—guess and hypothesis—
One shrieking that—another shrieking this—
And some who purse up lip and look profound
Utter their thesis—and those around
More ignorant, with mouths agape believed
Such knowledge, and so millions are deceived.
From room to room, from case to case I went,
And to my mind a sharpened arrow sent

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

“What knowest thou of any single thing
Knowledge of stones, creatures of feet and wing.”
And at my ignorance I was appalled—
And like a snail, afraid, I would have crawled
Unto my shell of ignorance—and rest ;
But now my soul was as a thing oppressed
With darkness seeking light—who could give light !
My soul grew little in its foolish plight—
The jaunty air was lost—I stumbled on
Until mine eyes a glorious vision won—
Ten thousand or the more of Butterflies !
Case after case before astonished eyes,
Rare and most rare—the color, and the shape—
Until I stood, as idiot, all agape
At this magnificent and rare display !
There tongue tied at my ignorance I stood,
For of a simple butterfly I could
Not tell of habits, nor of simple needs,
Naught of its family, or kind, or breeds,
What made each color, and who mixed the paint.
Standing mid wonders, suddenly a ray
Of light lit up the chambers of my brain—
Surely, my burst of praise was not in vain :

“O Christ! Thou art the unconceivable!”

Then flashed the thought, some fine day I'll know
A perfect knowledge of all things below—
And then I laughed: There, surely, did despise
The men whom millions of the world call wise
Who hold to Evolution's foolish fad ;
Yet very soon indeed my heart was sad,
That millions would believe Satanic lie
The Truth of God's most Holy Word deny.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Yet there, the happy thought was borne to me,
That after death there would most surely be
In Paradise a school where I may go
And learn the secrets of all things below,
That teachers ever ready to reveal
Of nature's wonders—nothing to conceal—
But perfect knowledge of each earthly thing.
“O Lord, shall I on Earth—a Risen Saint—
Yet have a perfect knowledge of this thing
So dainty in the size, the shape, the wing,
And shall such come to me, to find a friend,
I to control and to its comfort tend.”

So then in Resurrection a true King
To rule and govern when once more I came
To Earth—and then no longer sense of shame
Of ignorance—perfect as Christ possessed
A power from Him, some creature by me blest.

A GERMAN MOTHER

The Prussian came to woman bereft,
Who had once sons—and none now left—
Pierced to her soul—grief knife to the heft.

She list to words of the common kind,
That Rulers dream will readily find
Abiding place in the poor folks' mind.

And she bereft of six sons born,
Answered Prussian King with words of scorn—
Flung the cross from her breast—he came to adorn.

“Kaiser, tell which of your six are dead?
Were they oft half clad, and half way fed,
Slept they in wet trench with mud for bed?

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Gold and lace clad, drank old vintage wine—
Rags of gray—foul water for mine—
Not one of your sons had cause to whine.

Mine at the front—all yours in the rear
With never a sniper's shot to fear,
With never a hand grenadier near.

Mine in the frontal—the mass attack—
Mine to rush forward—never come back—
While your six sons did not wide space lack.

Thy wife a woman, and so am I,
Her heart made for compassionate sigh—
My heart bereaved so I cannot cry.

Six whelps had she, and six whelps had I,
Crushed—mine in the mud 'neath open sky—
Her six whelps on silver couches lie.

Better than me—better in what?
She in a palace—I in a cot—
She still have whelps six—and I have not!

Will your fulsome words bring back my sons
Placed as target for enemies' guns—
Well may our enemies call us "Huns!"

Thy six sons were ever toasting "That Day!"
They would be leaders in battle fray—
Now which of your sons—a victor! say?

So bring me none of your graceful phrase
'Til you bring back sons of happy days—
Or one of your sons on red bier lays!

Prussian! Product of insolent pride,
'Tis you—and yours that have cast all wide
Hate, Ruin and Death on every side!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

We Germans contented, well fed, free,
'Til you shadowed us—Monstrosity!
Spawner of death, ruin, misery.

You to your Northland, you "Prussian Brute!"
Now from Mother's lips hear you the Truth:
Your wife's womb gave birth to coward fruit."

RUSSIA

(Written before 1914.)

Russia! Why persecute The Race
From whence Thy Saviour came!
For this, a curse is on thy face—
And thou shalt sup with shame.
For, lo, Thy Judge who is to come
Shall have a Jewish Face,
Before Him thou shalt stand all dumb
In terror, fright, disgrace.
"*Father, Forgive Them!*" was His cry
On Cross before He died,
That prayer was registered on high
And will not be denied.
How dare ye then your hands embrew
With blood of Race like this,
Surely such teachings come to you
From bottomless abyss.
Russia, thy lands were vast and wide
With many a glorious place
Where Israel would fain abide,
And would enrich Thy race.
Vast, Plains uncultivated stretch
Where bread and meat be found—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

O God, with plenty in their reach
Yet hands of Jews were bound.
Shut out from Learning's glowing light
Forbidden to possess—
Making them weaklings in life's fight—
In Ignorance Abyss.
Herded like cattle—narrow bound
As hedged from life's delight—
In ghetto—their pale faces ground
By ignorance and hate—
For, Russia, thou as savage beast
Oppress with teeth and claws,
On Israel's misery you feast,
And flout God given laws.
For this thine Hour of Doom is fixed
His warnings not in vain,
Wine of Christ's vengeance surely mixed
In cup that thou shalt drain!
Ezekiel's prophecies foretell
Of what thy direful end—
When vengeance of The Christ shall fall,
Thy Cohorts blast and rend!
As surely as that Christ is God
Thou shalt His vengeance know,
All shattered as with iron rod
Blasted by lightning's woe—
For comes the day when thou arrayed
In pomp with all thy might,
A blinded nation not afraid
Against the Christ to fight.
Alas, poor Nation thou shalt know
The fury of Christ's hate—
Thy Race to utter darkness go—
Thy Land be desolate.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

AT THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL

A certain lame man at the Golden Gate
For many, and many a year did wait,
There asking for alms of the passers by:
Now cometh the thought—Did the Lord Christ's eye
Not fall on this cripple in all the years
That He in the Temple Court appears;
Year after year since He was a boy
It ever hath been a source of joy
To be in His Father's House of Prayer,
And surely that cripple sitting there
Was seen by the eye that ne'er grows dim
When one in sore need was wanting Him—
How strange that cripple did never hear
That a Prince of healers was oftentimes near,
A Prince who for sorrow had open ear,
And never to heal the sick refused,
The One who the people praised—abused—
Who the poor claimed friend, and the great despise,
Ah, what questioning thoughts in the heart arise.

Did the Christ refrain—and in heart did say:
“Peter and John will come up this way
Entering in at The Golden Gate,
Where for years and years did the cripple wait,
And when they shall do this work for me
They have my honor—and I honored be.”
A lesson of Patience here I learn—
In our blindness oft we do not discern
That sometimes a sorrow upon us laid
By Him—and we shrink back all afraid,
And pray, while the bitter tears will fall,
The Christ that He will the load recall.
We moan, and we fret, and we faint, and fear,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

If the cloud on the path is not made clear,
Nor say submissive—"If this Thy Will
Our hearts shall be calm—we patient still."
We cannot judge by our common sense,
Our faith must hold all in calm suspense
The time we suffer—for who may say,
It was not our sins did such burden lay—
Our stubborn wills that the sorrow brought,
And this should surely have anxious thought
In suffering time: who knows from whence.

Lo, the Lord will render a recompense
For the time we suffer—and know that He
For His Glory had given the misery,
For ever is surely a rich reward
To the one who waiteth upon The Lord.

MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE SWEET

Surely my meditation sweet
Of that most blessed day,
When sin and sorrow at His Feet
Their hideous burdens lay.
When Ignorance, oppression cease
Nor round the human coil,
When mortal shall not mortal fleece,
And labor not a toil;
Then manhood's hope and manhood's prime
Not blasted in the bud,
Oft prey of poverty and crime,
Their poison in the blood.
My meditation of Him sweet—
Then fairest thoughts of mind
All be developed and complete,
Shall full fruition find.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The whisperings of mighty things
That faintly now I see
Shall come to me on mighty wings
Of grand reality;
My wish, desire, now shadows are
For this my hope—to be
That not one thought shall sin debar
From Perfect Purity.
My meditation shall be sweet
In this the hour of pain,
That when the work of grace complete
I shall not sin again.
Then peace and plenty—no distress
Shall ever more hold sway,
A rare and perfect happiness
Of perpetual day.
Then shall my mind have peace at last,
Nor joy be yet complete
When countless ages shall have past—
My meditations still more sweet.
Then I shall see "Our Father's Face"
In all its Royalty—
And praise Their name in every place
Throughout Eternity.

THE BLIND WISE MEN

An Armed Peace! how rich the thought—
Peace—Force—Great words put together,
If in such ring the Nations wrought—
We surely will have glorious weather!
The Wise Men of the West and East
Have uttered mandate to the world,
Nations invite to Royal Feast
Where Battle Flags forever furled.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

This Jordan—Taft—and such like men
Would bring the Nations to a tryst—
Successful peace can never win
For both of them uncrown The Christ!

They've closed God's Book with such loud slam
That all the world heard the report—
Sneered in The Face of The "I Am!"
Treating His words with scornful sport.

Have we not seen such fools before—
Heard flaring, grand boasts that they said—
"There will be Peace forever more
No warring hero lift his head!"

And when their Prophecies made vain
Abashed a moment in surprise—
Loud, Swelling Words proclaim again
And all the world rings with their cries.

These Mothers have been brought to bed,
Twins—Peace and Force are newly born,
Lo, Warnings that Jehovah said
They treat with insolence and scorn.

'Tis Writ—"Then Shall Jehovah laugh!"
And in contempt their words shall meet,
They shall His Cup of Vengeance quaff
Because His Son with scorn they treat.

Until Jehovah Christ appears
Lo, Famine, Death, and Sword, and Flame—
Such Counsellors in a few years
Held in contempt, disgrace and Shame.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

BEHOLD IN CLOUDS OF GLORY

Far off—we soon shall hear it—
That Glorious Battle cry,
Behold! in clouds of Glory
The Coming Prince draws nigh!

The Lord of Glory cometh—
He cometh in His might—
Lo, all His foes are scattered
Like chaff before His sight.

Alone He treads the Winepress
Of God's Eternal Wrath,
The Might of all the Nations
Cannot obstruct His path.

His Words the Sword to vanquish—
His look—a blasting sore—
The Many Millions wither
Nor seen for evermore—

All Power, and all Dominion,
His Own—His Royal Right,
And never more Defiance
Shall stand before His sight.

He comes tho men deny it—
He comes all wrong to right—
Then Perfect Peace and Happiness
Shall flourish in Man's sight.

Far off—But He is coming—
'Tis useless to deny—
The Golden Light of Glory
Shall flush the earthly sky.

And Saints in Holy Rapture
Shall meet Him in the air—
The Dead, the Quick, to greet him,
In Risen Bodies fair.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Then we shall see His glory—
There meet Him face to face—
There know the full Redemption
Of His atoning Grace.

Lo, in His train of Glory—
We shall descend to see—
Defeat of Sin and Satan
Christ's Hour of Victory!

The many millions gathered
To crush out Israel's Race,
Shall shrink to Death and Silence
From one look of His face.

War rushings of the morning
All suddenly shall cease—
And when will come the Even,
Lo, on the Earth, Sweet Peace!

YOU NEED NOT ASK THE REASON WHY—

You need not ask the reason why
That German hopes in ashes lie,
That German graves are everywhere
In many lands, and even there
The people spit where brave men lie.
No sigh at heart—no tear in eye;
Why cripples throng the German street,
Go where you may the eye will greet
Sad wrecks of maimed humanity—
Lo, sackcloth everywhere you see—
Gaunt widows stalk with hopeless tread—
The men who loved them mangled—dead—
In paper shrouds uncoffined.
The wan face, sad eyed little one
Who only knows, "that father gone—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And is asleep where no one knows—
In any land who held as foes—
Some on the land, some on the sea,
In U boat's vanished history".
While Poverty squats down and waits
At closed—that once were open gates,
Lo, desolate once busy City—
Now not one Nation German's pity.
A pariah amid Nations now
Defeat, Disaster, on her brow,
And need you ask the reason why—
Surely not hard to find reply!

Lo, they God's vengeance truly won—
For they disowned God's Blessed Son!
Their Rulers, Wise Men of high place
Turned on The Christ despising face,
They tore God-Emblem from his head
And they no longer worshippéd,
But held him like to common flesh
Then saw not God in human mesh,
He wrought no miracles—His word
Not God's—as song of a rare bird—
Somewhat more sweet with common sense
Than other men—made no pretense
That he was worthy to all praise
As being God—"Ancient of Days!"
As to Jehovah's Blessed Book
Its influence and Power forsook,
'Twas mostly false, and fairy tale,
Each Blessed Truth they did assail—
And Blood Salvation was to them
A butcher theory, dark and grim—
The virgin birth a thought for sneer
For meaning glance 'cross stein of beer—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Blessed thoughts that Luther taught
Were driven from their heart and thought—
Each Bible Page did rage assail.

Thus turned their backs upon The Christ
With their war Gods of Eld held tryst
And so to God—Stood Reprobate!

Jehovah left them to their Fate!
Laughter from The Eternal Throne!
Think you, 'twas Allies' might alone
Crushed them, and their aids, to the dust,
That made them suffer for their lust
Of brutish wantonness of crime,
Branded on brow throughout all time.

The Allies were but instrument
In God's hands, for the sole intent
To be a warning to all Nations—
To crush Pride's insolent inflations—
A lesson to United States—
Now cries of victory in our gates
And all the land shouts—

“We are they
Who turned war's tide and won the day—
The Allies surely crushed in deed
Did we not to their plight give heed—
Our “Boys” all valiant was the force
To wreck the German's onward course
To Paris—Channel—Victory!
And all our Allies give us claim
To never dying, Endless Fame,
We are the Saviours of The Race!
All o'er the Earth—in every place—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Wherever the sun lights land and sea—
We give The World Democracy!"

'Tis well: and you deserve the praise,
United States, in late dark days,
Deserves to have a blessing given
From all the Peoples under Heaven!
But stay: in this thine hour of pride,
For That sin Germans cast aside—
The Sin for which they overthrown
Is Thy Sin!—and not their's alone.
*We curse the Prussians for their deeds—
And yet we glory in their creeds—
Yes, take to heart their hell born creeds!
College, and University
Vie with each other who will be
Foremost in Prussian Blasphemy!*

Now what is Christ to thee and thine?
Is God's book true in page and line?

Or is The Christ But Holy man
Who broached The Democratic plan,
But as to being God! Pray, say
Yours—your father's Faith of yesterday?
How do you heed The Truth—pray, how—
"Faith" seldom heard in Churches now—
The so called Learned men who teach—
Most eloquent of men who preach—
Revere no longer Christ as God!
Jehovah wields no iron rod,
Simply a loving Father who
In science stands forth to your view,
Not in a Hebrew book, where lies
All plainly meet the learned eyes.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

*Ah, surely 'tis a fearful pace
This young, and stalwart, late born Race
Of men—forsaking God's own Christ,
With brazen science holding tryst:
"Which men can handle, see, and feel,
That only is the true—the real—
Where men unfettered of Old Ghost
Moves on with all the world wide host
To reign of Pure Democracy."*

United States, sad 'tis to say
Behold, as Germany today—
Shalt Thou Be yet!

Shall know that God
For mocker of The Christ, hath rod—
Look well—read lesson over there—
Else thou so Perish—so Beware!

A CUP OF COLD WATER

Hast Thou given the cup of cold water
As told by Our Blessed Lord,

For be it to Son or Daughter
Thou shalt surely not lose His reward.

Without price He giveth the water
Then surely is thine the shame,

To refuse His Son or Daughter
Just a cup in His Blessed Name.

THE BIRTH OF SONG

Just a little word is spoken—
And it seems as if were broken
In my soul a little spring—
And the words gush forth a token
Of my "wee" love for My King.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

THE WORK OF JEHOVAH

"The branch of My Planting, the work of My Hands."

The People be gathered by Him from all lands,
His Will, and His Pleasure be then all Supreme—
Israel's Salvation no longer a dream!

But now are false Leaders who stiffnecked declare—
The Return of Israel "a phantom of air"—
And with Christian Renegades venomous, dare
Say The Words of Jehovah a lie—not sincere

Those Renegade Jews are rich and purse proud,
God's Wrath shall enclose them soon like a shroud—
And for their defiance shall feel of His rod—
With Wrath everlasting be stricked by God

And Christian Blind Leaders on their eyes dark veil,
Their King and their Saviour with contempt assail—
Yet still cry in sorrow, in grief, and in pain—
This Nazareth Outcast shall not o'er Us Reign!

And Zionest Leaders—as blind as the rest
Think in their own effort they shall be blest—
Their King still rejecting, go back to The Land
Despising His Leadership and His Command.

Lo, back shall go Remnant—and cities once more
Shall spring up and flourish more grand than before,
The Wells of deep water replenish their land,
Lo, joy, peace and plenty shall go hand in hand.

Alas, a grand showing—then suddenly comes
The rush of a tempest—more dire than the slums
And ghettos of Europe—for Antichrist's hand
Shall smite to destruction two thirds in the land—
Days of Jacob's dire trouble, and they in despair

See fiends all around them, below them, in air,
When seems the last moment of dire agony—

Behold, in the Clouds Their King they shall see!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Their enemies scattered by word from their King—
Then He will relieve them from all suffering—

And they shall acknowledge The King they had slain
Is now The Redeemer from Sin, Sorrow, Pain.

Then He shall gather from World wide places—
Not one shall He lose—for them sift all Races—

His fulfilled Promise be known through all lands—
"*The Branch of My Planting, The Work of My hands.*"

THE GOOD NEWS FROM NAZARETH

*(After reading that the British Army captured
Nazareth.)*

What shall mine eyes behold it—and not die—
Shall I behold His Oriflamme in sky—

Behold, at last on weary, sin stained world
The Flag of Christ o'er all the Earth unfurled.

What is the meaning of this news tonight—

Again the English victors in the fight—

So now Jehovah giveth to their hand

To give to Jew that Ancient Promised Land.

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange this passing hour,
*That the vast stretch of land in England's power—
From the Euphrates to Egyptian River—*

To Israel's Race Jehovah was The Giver!

When Abraham stood that night on Syrian plain,

Jehovah Swore to Him, his race should gain

Possession, and to hold for evermore

The Land which bordered on The Great Sea's shore,
From Great Sea to the Great Euphrates' tide!

A stretch of land magnificently rich and wide—

That never yet by Israel was possess'd,

But when Christ comes in this they shall be blest,

And in possession no one shall molest.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And so my heart is filled with Solemn Glee,
For, lo, this hour doth mean so much to me,
It whispers that short years shall surely bring
To the vast world its Saviour and its King.
Surely events that happen now abroad
Tell to my Soul, The Coming of my Lord!
Almost His footsteps—He is moving near—
And in few years will suddenly appear.

He comes! He Comes! Rejoice, O heart of mine,
We shall see soon The Israelitish vine
Planted anew in their own ancient soil.
Alas, short time in Antichrist's dread coil.
But that seven years—then may those present eyes
See Lord Jehovah coming in the Skies.
Be glad, O heart, to give Him praise, to sing
The near appearing of my Saviour King;
Angels at Christ's Departure witness bore—
"This self same Jesus shall return once more"
The Blessed words we never can forget
Surely His Feet soon stands on Olivet!

TO PATRIC

I would not have thee blossom as the tulip
Of sudden burst unto a gorgeous flower,
Which if a harsh wind blew, or even softer,
Behold, thy beauty shattered in an hour.
But I would have thee as The Rose of Sharon
Gladden the eye when it beholdeth thee,
Blossoms of rare beauty ever budding
Through the long ages of Eternity.
Blossoms of Graces He will freely give thee—
Sweetness of speech and kindliness of hands—
When Risen Saint thy singing shall be glorious
In length and breadth through all Immanuel's Lands.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

THE NEW GOD "DEMOCRACY"

What is this New God that the Churches preach!
Like a sweet morsel on their tongue they teach—
Are full of glowing promise from The King
The Preachers in the land are worshipping!

Lo, scarce a pulpit but rings with the praise
Of this New God, and on Church Altars raise
A God The Fathers knew not—never heard—
But on the Son's lips a most pregnant word.

The Press, the pulpit, the professor's chair,
Scatter his splendors, loud and everywhere,
A God to bring a blessing to all lands—
To whom Earth's peoples with uplifted hands,
Face haggard, gaunt, half starved, looking up,
Holding the empty platter and the cup—
And with a cry lamentable, half shriek:
"O New Born God! be quick to act and speak."

Bring out This New God, let us see his face,
Where habitation, where abiding place—
Why had he tarried all the bitter years—
Humanity in Hopelessness and tears!

Say, was it he who made this world of ours
Who spun the planets, bounded years and hours,
Gives man the harvest, gives sunshine and snow,
And made the liquid waters wash earth to and fro.

What, a Principle! A creature of the mind!
Not one of flesh and blood, nor shape confined,
Just an idea floating in the brain
And each one in himself will God contain.
A state of mind—equality of thought
That works in soul—finality thus wrought—
A common universal purpose and desire

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

That like the Phoenix never can expire.

What is this new God on whom we must call,
Bending our wills, desires, and on knees fall
In humble adoration—This new God be
Prince of all Gods we hail—Democracy!

O Blatant Fools! Your new God is so old,
His years, his ages never may be told—
The same who tempted Mother Eve to lie,
"Ye shall be as Gods, and ye shall never die."
The Ministers who worship scout at Sin,
Ignore a fallen nature, so that men
Scout at Jehovah—if they could, would see,
The Lord Christ on new cross, new Calvary.

Democracy is rampant in its pride—
The Christ of Revelation they deride—
His birth a lie—His blood is a disgust—
He and His Cross are eaten by Time's Rust.

Lo, they have made a Christ to suit their views
Of words and actions, and true standing choose,
Discarding Godhead, He most gracious man
To lift 'from fair Democracy its ban—
Now He is quite a patchwork of a Christ—
With whom Earth's common sense could hold a tryst—
No doubt if he were here he'd smoke a pipe,
Court the unwashed, and share the bread and tripe,
A soulful comrade any one may own—

"Hail-fellow-well met," who would never groan
If slapped on shoulder, asked to sit a near,
On sanded floor, cann'd music and a "bier."
And women ask him to take cup of tea—
Hear the last ragtime played—love melody—
Discuss the latest novel, favorite movie girl,
Nor think to play a game of cards a peril.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And this your Christ, O Pure Democracy!
Thou net of Satan—surely he laughs, to see
Professing Church enamored with his charms—
Holding to Satan eager, welcoming arms.

Oh God, how blind Professing Christians Preach-
ers be
The warning words of Scripture will not see—
They are so blinded by Democracy
Jehovah's words they hold contemptuously!

Nay, Christ is Lord, And Czar, Redeemer, King!
Sweet Happiness and Peace will surely bring,
And man redeemed obey His every law
With gladness, joyfulness, and holy awe.

THE DEAD ARE NOT ASLEEP

I do not think the spirits are asleep—
Nor held as prisoners in a dungeon deep
By stern jailers, who with power severe
Hold them in places fearsome and most drear.

I do not think that Spirits thoughtless lie,
And as the centuries pass slowly by
Only to brood on life they left behind,
Careless of passing Earth years to their mind.

I do not think of any knowledge given
Of what the present Christians call the Heaven,
Where Dead ones perfect, without body stand
In place where Christians call the Beulah land.

I deem Departed Spirits of The Blest
Go to the Paradise that Christ express'd,
While conscious there—and happiness all sweet—
Yet till The Resurrection not complete.

I may be wrong—but yet it seems to me

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

That in some Globe, to us now mystery,
There unclad Spirits commune with The King—
But uncomplete—and not The Perfect Thing.

I deem it school where Ignorance destroyed,
A place of learning, where the mind employed
With vaster visions, what the days will bring
When they come back with Christ—Jehovah—King.

I deem a time of Training—when we learn
The Truth—The Teaching how we may discern,
Quick as a flash, the very heart of things—
Alloy of error ne'er more to one clings—

I deem a time of Training for the Post
Which each shall occupy, when The Saint's vast Host
Take up the reigns of Empire of the Earth—
When Righteousness and Peace this Earth shall girth.

I deem where Angels now, the Saints will then,
But surely visible, shall walk with men,
Direct, and teach, and guide them in all ways
To make men happy, and give The Lord Christ praise.

I dare not think, believe, when Spirit leaves
This Earthly tenement that Darkness weaves
A winding sheet, and lays my soul away
In narrow space—like body of flesh clay.

Nay, nay, Forsooth, I deem my Spirit still
Will be untrammelled, more so, and its will
Be stronger, fleeter, on the way of Truth—
Jehovah's Knowledge, Pure without Dispute.

WONDERFUL PEOPLE

Wonderful People! wonderful yet,
Who in their madness did God forget
They have been smitten—yet smitten more—
Grief lies before them, like a cloud o'er;

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Many their wanderings stretching before
Darkness and madness, Grief bitter, sore,
Still all rebellious, will not give heed
To their Messiah tho' dire their need.
Mire for their footsteps, bitter the wrath
Enemies hating them grim in their path,
Weeping and wailing, sorrow of heart,
Families driven widely apart
Fathers are captives, mothers disgraced,
Children are desolate, orphans displaced,
Sold into slavery, counted as scum,
Filth of the highways, grief stricken dumb,
Fearful of shadows, plunged in despair,
Torn the garments—nakedness there—
Wishing for death those yet still alive—
For bones that dogs spurn they for such strive—
Shelter not finding, no place to rest,
They robbed and cheated—nothing possess'd,
Pariah mid mankind—hated by hate
That shall not slaken, shall not abate,
Morning nor evening, fiercer at night
Haunted by tremor—hating the light—
E'er it reveals them prey to the foe
Bordering on madness—nowhere to go—
All of the Nations hounding to death—
Shrinking from hatred everywhere met
Taunted and sneered at—hatred supreme!

But comes the ending—no fancy dream—
Lo, Christ Jehovah riseth in ire,
For He had loved them—long His desire
For to Redeem them, bring them back home,
Gather them safely from land, cross foam
Where they were scattered, torn by hate,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Now Judah's Lion calls for His mate!
Rescued from perishing—stricken each foe—
For with great loving He loved them so;
Shepherd rejoicing, brings back the sheep
To their own pasture, ever to keep;
He for upbuilding Gentiles employ
Kings and Queens nursing, giving them joy—
Head of the Nations—glorious to see
Christ King of Glory—King ever be
They Blessed and Glorious—Peace shall be theirs—
Lo, in their Blessings—each Gentile shares—
Wonderful People—do not forget
That more Wonderful they shall be yet!

A WHISPERED SONG

Just a whispered song to say—
Christ, remembered me today!
All the clouds that gave dismay
Have evanishèd away.
Ah, I feel His tender care
Is around me everywhere,
In the midst of my despair
He is surely watching there;
Burden Bearer—there He stands
Prints of nails within His hands,
All my nature understands,
Thus my happiness expands,
He is with me every day,
He is with me all the way,
All my sins on Him to lay;
Ever words of cheer to say
None is like Him—none beside—
He is ever by my side,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

All in Him I can confide,
Christ, my Lord, The Crucified!
In His heart I solace gain,
Strength from Him I can obtain,
So each song claims this refrain,
He is coming back again!

WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS?

What manner of Man is this?
Surely you well may ask,
But, ah, to answer aright
Were surely tremendous task.

What manner of Man is this?
We knew Him as Boy—as Youth—
'Til lately His voice not heard—
To every mocking mute.

What manner of Man is this?
Who comes like purple flower,
Flaring in splendor forth
In Majesty and Power.

What manner of Man is this?
He raiseth up the dead,
He maketh the lepers clean,
He multiplied the bread.

What manner of Man is this?
Whom even the winds obey,
Who opens the eyes of the blind,
A carpenter yesterday!

What manner of Man is this?
Who even the Scribes confound—
And even the Great High Priest
Speechless when Jesus around.

What manner of Man is this?

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Who heedeth not hate, nor scorn,
Who claims to be Judah's King
Tho' in a manger born,

What manner of Man is this?
Who claimeth The Holy Name,
"Before Abraham was—I am"
Thus equal to God His claim.

What manner of Man is this?
All Kingly and Great His mien
All fitted for Cæsar's Court—
Yet ever with Beggars is seen.

What manner of Man is this?
On whom the Priesthood spy,
But to cunning of his speech
Can never a word reply.

What manner of Man is this?
Who is ever doing good,
Yet ever with Beggars is seen.
Traduced and misunderstood.

What manner of Man is this?
Who claims to be Judah's King,
Yet never a sword is drawn,
And never does trumpet ring.

What manner of Man is this?
For surely in any hour,
He breaker of Bonds of Death,
Could break cursed Roman Power!

What manner of Man is this?
All careless of Kingly Power,
Who loves to hear children laugh—
They sit on His knees by the hour.

What manner of Man is this?
*His Royalty none deny—
For there on the Temple's scroll*

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Apparent to every eye!

What manner of Man is this?
As he quelled with a word sea's foam,
With His miraculous Power,
Could crush the shackles of Rome!

What manner of Man is this?
Who tells of His own disgrace,
Of scourging, mocking, and Death,
With no tremor in voice or face.

What manner of Man is this?
Who telleth to women and men
To the wicked, the base, the mean,
"I Can Forgive All Sin."

What manner of Man is this?
The wonder of all The Land—
With ever the tender word—
With ever the healing hand.

What manner of Man is this?
Who scorns the Priestly hate,
Going with leisurely will
To sick chamber early and late.

What manner of Man is this?
Who laughs at tradition's flaws,
But ever as sacred thing
Holds to Mosaic Laws!

What manner of Man is this?
He surely The Christ must be,
Greater than children of men,
A Holy Mystery!

MET HIM

Oh, I met Him—surely met Him
Walking by the Sea,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

All alone, I surely met Him,
We two—He and me.
Tho' I saw no soldier's spear thrust,
Nail prints in the hands,
Still I know The Blessed Master
Walked with me the sands.
In the waves I heard His whisper
Softly—but how sweet,
And the wind did softly whisper
“'Tis His blessed feet.”
Ah, like rapture sweetly blessed,
Naught on Earth like this,
And by faith I knelt in Glory
Sandaled feet to kiss.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S REQUEST

Naught but Human Ghouls were they
Gathered round war table,
One who wore cross bones and skull
On a cap of sable.
Something, Prussians called a man,
Uncanny, scant of brain,
Moloch like was pleading there
More victims to obtain.
Half a million stalwart souls
Brawn and youthful men,
That this callous, scrawny soul
May a victory win.
Only half a million men—
Men of his own race
Should go forward to their death
Aye, to the Shamble's place;
Half a million Germans driven
To Death as if Cattle,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

To the open mouth of death
 Shamble place of battle;
Men—with scarcely any one
 That saw a score of years,
They to perish, while this ghoul
 Looked on with monkey leers:
As it were a glorious thing
 Their budding lives to give,
So he won a Victory
 And slobbering to live!
Young lives just a blossoming
 In this grand world of ours,
Lips just tasting joys of Earth,
 Beauty, music, flowers;
Hopes of future happiness
 Of joy, of love, of glee,
All destroy and all made void
 That this monstrosity
Should have larger kingdom then
 Honor, pomp praise, renown,
All to please the fancies of Idiotic Clown;
 That he may wear more ribbons,
And more iron crosses,
 What to him the ghastly price—
Simply boorish losses!
 They are only cannon fodder
Feeding a mad desire,
 Half a million Germans mangled—
Crushed and buried in the mire.

“Paris! yes, to Paris, Onward!
 Where Grand Dad went before
In Versailles to see the sight
 My Papa saw before!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

France, and England, Italy
 With supplicating knee
To you, Papa, and Myself,
 Kneel to Our Majesty.
Surely half a million men
 Only a paltry price,
That would win us such renown
 Cheap, if it cost us thrice.
What is half a million men
 In counting what we gain?
See the whole world at our feet
 Just us, The Two, to reign—
France's holdings, England's gold
 And her vast Possessions—
Then, America shall pay
 For her past transgressions!
Papa, half a million lives
 That is all I'm asking,
For a half a million Deaths
 We in Glory Basking!
Papa, give the quick command
 To vassal Vons around!
Surely in three weeks our ears
 Then shall hear magic sound
The Bells of Paris Ringing
 Her people crushed and torn—
We on point of swords and spear
 Unto Versailles be borne!
Not o'er Germany alone
 Then shall be our crowning
Europe, Asia, Africa,
 Shudder at our frowning.
Nations send Ambassadors
 Humble in their kneeling

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Then United States shall be
 In wild terror reeling—
You will stand no nonsense then,
 Her braggadocio lost,
In our German coffers
 The Gold Our War has cost.
And remember, Papa, too,
 That you have still five sons—
Every one must have a throne—
 For mine alone the Huns.
You have shielded Brothers well
 The five with matchless care,
In this warring battle hell
 Not one has lost a hair.
Of the Conquerors of Earth
 That ever warred before
None shall match thy Grandeur then
 None Greater ever more!
For this, Papa, let me slay
 Just half a million men
Then as sure as Odin's God
 We shall Our Glory win!"
Papa shook his withered hand
 And all the Vons obeyed,
Half a Million German men
 Butchered! in mire graves laid!
Prince of Idiots never went
 Across old Verdun's place.
Verdun was his branding shame
 Defeat, contempt, Disgrace!
Even now his one regret
 That the whole German Race
There to slay, if he could get
 Beneath the Sun High Place.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

LAURA

Loving, tender, gentle, kind,
Where could I in womankind
Find one better to my ways ;
Now companion of long days
When hot-headed, without sense,
Aiming to a high pretense,
All unwitting—Treasure trove
Came to me in Girlish love.

Life was oft a weary way,
Sorrow, mishap day by day,
Gloomy prospect, oft times I
Walked beneath gray, sodden sky,
Moody, fretful, sick of frame,
But she ever was the same—
Helpful, comrade, ne'er did miss
Words of comfort, cheer and kiss,
'Til the skies turned tender blue,
Cares had dwindled to the few,
And good days of homely cheer
Robbed the dreamer of his fear ;
And together, down the place
Where the flowers, sweet of face,
Nodded to us as we went,
Whispered to us as we went,
Down the aisle of sweet content,
(With us "Pierced Feet" all the way
Bread and kisses gave each day,)
So you see This once girl sent
By Good Providence to be
Comrade—comforter to me.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER
THE DEATH ANGEL PASSETH BY

I am safe within the dwelling
By the hand of Love shut in,
Lo, the Life Blood on the doorpost—
The Life Blood that pardons Sin!
The Death Angel shall not enter—
Saved not for the good in me,
He will see upon the doorpost
Life Blood shed on Calvary!
I am safe within the dwelling,
I shall hear Death's wings pass by;
Hear from dwellings where no bloodshed
An exceeding bitter cry;
For they heeded not the warning,
"Sprinkle life blood on the door,"
But they listen with proud scorning;
Alas, soon did they deplore,
For Death Angel seeing no blood
On the door posts entered in;
And too late men heard the crying
Of Despisers of such sin.
Is there Blood upon thy door posts,
The shed Blood of Calvary?
For Death Angel only spareth
When the Life's Blood he shall see.

WAITING—WATCHING

Are you waiting for the Bridegroom—
Are you watching for The King—
Are you listening in the night gloom
For The Trumpet note to Ring?
Are you watching for Beloved—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

For the Coming of His Feet—
Are you listening morn and evening
For The Footsteps on the street?

Are you waiting, are you watching,
So there will be no surprise
Should His Coming be more sudden
So make glad the peering eyes—
Are you waiting, are you watching,
As the Promised signs unfold
Which would herald His appearing
For the tokens He foretold;
Are you watching, are you waiting,
For the trumpet call—the Word
Which will call you to the presence
Of our Glorious Coming Lord?

A ROYAL FRIEND

How sweet it is to go to Him,
I, sinful worm of clay—
He wears Creation's Diadem
Lo, myriads hosts obey.
All stained with Sin, from sinful way
I feel like traitor led,
But Pierced Hand stretched out to stay,
No poignant word be said.
And ever ready He to hear
Confession of my sin—
When oft times I impressed to fear
He would not take me in.
So oft times sorrowing, for I
Feel I have wronged Him so,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Alas, if He should e'er deny
To whom else could I go?
Not to the dearest friend on Earth
Could of my sins confess,
Without Him I in direst dearth,
No human soul could bless.
So constantly I go to meet
The One who Died to win,
He standing at The Mercy Seat—
I there confess my sin;
And then sense of Communion sweet
Seems music to my brain,
I feel I've kissed the Pierced Feet
And cannot sin again.
Alas, to fail—so day by day
Seek Him with earnestness,
Tell Him how often I betray—
But that His love can bless.

JEHOVAH'S "LITTLE MOMENT"

Jehovah's moments—what are they—
What is the meaning such words say—
To grasp such surely staggers sense
So vast, so glorious, so immense.

Tho' I have read words o'er and o'er
I never felt their sense before,
Lo, a new light has dawned on me
As what Jehovah's moments be!

O Israel, what Blessings thine!
Thy Future Glory on each line
Of the Prophetic Pages shine,
Sworn to thee with The Oath Divine.

SONGS FROM A WATCH-TOWER

For if "small moment" since thy fall—
The very thought will mind enthrall

When Christ returns to dwell with thee!

What shall the countless ages be?

Mind cannot grasp how wide the scope
Surely but thine "The Golden Hope,"
The Words "small moment" do possess
Blessings unknown—aye, nothing less.

If thy exile "short moment" be
Near reckoned infinitesimally,
O Israel, Then Thy promise be
A Blessing past immensity!

The twenty-seven hundred years
Driven from The Land in exile tears
If but a little moment, then
Must flash before the eyes of men,
This reckoning of Jehovah be
A number that the eye may see
But cannot meaning comprehend—
Well to exclaim: "World without end!"

Eighty-five trillion years amount—
Birth to old age may scarcely count—
And this the Promise that is given
By The Eternal One in Heaven!
To Israel's Race—"The Cursed Jews."
To Gentile Nations base refuse—
Treated with hatred and with scorn—
No race that ever had been born
Had promise given to them like this,
Prosperity, and Peace, and Bliss,
Shall follow Jews when Christ returns.

Surely the thought within me burns—
Before this grandeur, soul is mute,
Jehovah's Oath proclaims The Truth.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

THE OATH

Lo, Problems vaster than the human brain
Can comprehend are pressing close at hand,
Evil and good—this fighting of the Twain
We scarce can grapple with—Scarce can understand.

Man's gullibility of Wrong must fail,
The work of Evil shattered to its base,
'Tis Heaven and Hell amassing to assail
The object of attainment—Human Race!

Evil is now triumphant in the World,
And Righteousness is crowded to the wall,
But Evil to Destruction shall be hurled,
Yea, Evil's Kingdom stricken—soon to fall.

Lo, Rich and Poor alike in Evil's claws,
The Palace, Mansion, Hovel—all alike,
And countless churches with a loud applause
All venomous at Christ Jehovah strike.

Lo, Trade and Commerce hateful with sin's stench,
Even rob manhood clad in battle strife,

Defraud each soldier fighting in mud trench,
With shoddy shoes and garments wreck young life.

When One in High Place takes ignoble ease,
While thousand Allies slaughtered every day—

Millions of People suffering o'er the Seas;
"Our Enemy three thousand miles away!"

And where the Church refusing Evil's gain?
Professing Churches dumb or daubing praise

If they of Devil's plumber can obtain—
Boast they but cheat the Devil in such ways!

Three-fourths of all Earth's Races Heathen still—
The Churches fault! for lagging on the way—

They did not answer to the Master's Will—
So all unhindered Evil won The Day!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Deity of Christ—His virgin birth—
The Blood Atonement—and Christs' Body Raised—
Return of Christ—a Renovated Earth
Preached by the Fool—the Ignorant—the crazed!
The Holy Scripture a hodge-podge of lies
No more inspired than Shakespeare or Tom Payne—
(*Oh Tom, forgive me—even in your eyes*
Some Truth—that "Modern Scholars" all disdain.)

Think Ye, Jehovah Blind, and Dead, and Dumb,
Taking an ease while plays Angelic band,
And never to His notice there may come
The sore distress now seen in every land:
Hath He forgot the human He once made,
Careless of all in poverty and pain,
So let The Few upon The Many trade,
Ragged and Hungry children cry in vain:
The Human shall not always be distressed
The Human shall not always fill the grave
Light, Peace and Plenty for the entire Race
Joy, Smiles, Health, Laughter when He comes to save.
With never more the sin stamp on the face,
And all Earth's Races one Blest Family:
Lo, such Jehovah's Will, and His Desire.
What he desires will surely come to pass—
And Wickedness shall perish in His ire
Lo, Evil shivered as a broken glass!

Lo, He hath spoken with Recorded Oath
In Book—The Hebrew Book—"Scholars" Despise—
(But to believe Oath—ye are surely loath—)
In Living, Glorious, Splendor, the Oath lies!
His Hour is set—even to seconds' count
Then Comes His Christ—who by His Word alone—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

(Standing Imperial on Olivet's fair mount)
Behold all Wickedness on Earth o'erthrown!

He asks no aid of Man—nor council yet—
Man's wishes, wills, desires are to Him vain—

From moment that Christ stands on Olivet
Pure Righteousness o'er all the Earth shall Bless and
Reign.

A WISH

Some little song to sing
That others will repeat,
Some other soul to bring
To fall down at His feet.
When a great Sinner—I
Met Him upon life's way,
I would have passed Him by
But that He bade me stay;
Anointed blinded eyes,
Beheld His Glorious face,
And felt with glad surprise
In soul His gift of Grace;
Revealed to me my sin—
How vain works, prayers, and tears,
No work of mine could win
Pardon for wicked years.
When self I could not save—
He sweetly said to me—
"Behold, my life I give—
Thy sins all pardon'd be!
My Royal Gift of Grace
Shall cleanse thee from all sin;
Now, God-ward turn thy face,
And my new life begin;

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And tho' thy feet will stray,
Of me forgetful be,
Yet ever open way
Back to my Calvary ;
Not to thyself—in me,
Thy whole Salvation find,
For thou shalt never be
Out of my heart, nor mind ;
I shall find every sheep
No matter where they stray,
My love from danger keep
To Everlasting Day."

TO N. N.

Alone she goes up an old time quest
More precious far than crowns, and gems, and gold,
She seeks mid nature's splendors in the West
A priceless boon—whose value is untold.

She goes not as Adventurers of eld
With swords, and clad in rings and plates of steel,
But by the near approach of Death—compell'd
Death fain would all life's glory from her steal.

So have I looked my last upon her face,
Noted the wastings of the brow and cheek,
Heard the last words from lips of dainty grace.
She ever more unto my ears will speak.

Nay, but I will not linger on such thoughts—
The Pacific's sea breeze on mountain air
Will surely give the priceless nectar sought,
And bring her back more winsome and more fair.

Naught can I do but hope the sweet wild flower,
The stately pine, the wooded breezy height,
Will give replenishment to wasted power,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And make her eyes flash with the old-time light.

Oh, may she find the One she does not seek—
The One who is a stranger to her now—
The One with nail prints in His hands and feet—
The mark of thorn crown still upon His brow.

SONG OF A LOITERER

I am a Loiterer—to sing
Of every passing, trifling thing,
As I go sauntering on life's ways
I fashion into rhyming phrase
The thought that strays in wanton brain—
Sing as it were a foolish strain.

And what, you lift reproaching eyes,
And say, "It is not over wise
In this our busy—hurrying days
To sing so many careless lays—
The Business of The World as spun
Can't be encompassed by the sun,
And oft times is the night impress'd
E'er man can find a time of rest,
When business rushings all complete
Not scarce a mortal can you meet,
With time to read a foolish song,
That you in carelessness prolong
The Occident with roar and rush
No time for sentimental mush,
The "Wireless," telephone has set
A pace for rushing—nor will let
An idle moment to the one
By whom success is truly won—
You must be short, and crisp, and clear,
To catch the World's business ear ;

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

If not—most surely you be toss'd
As worthless—and your singing lost."

Now, mine own pleasure will I choose,
You surely welcome to refuse
To hear my song—to slight my page—
For not alone for this Fast Age
My singing:—Oh, I hope to see
Through ages of Eternity
Some of my songs be surely con'd,
You see, I sing for the Beyond
When man will seek for God, not gold,
Leisure and Peace their hours unfold.

And so in friendliness, Good-by,
I have not asked you, Friend, to buy;
I have not asked for you to look
Nor read one page of this my book;
As I sing for the coming days
I'm careless of your cash and praise.

THE GODHEAD OF MAN

They have harnessed the waves of the ocean,
They have sealed up the rays of the sun,
They can tell you of Earth's every motion,
From all planets their secrets have won.
The deeds they have done more resplendent
Than ever their Fathers conceived,
Such success on their efforts attendant
That scarce hath the human believed.
Ah, surely most wild in their daring
They have halted at nothing—their race
For Impossible ever was faring—
Will they soon not bring God to their face.
The heavens are swept with their glasses,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Rare secrets revealed to their gaze,
They can tell from the color of gases
Why the system of Worlds ablaze.
They have brought from the depths of creation
Its gases, its soils, and its sands ;
Of Mars they have made a relation
And the core of it now in their hands.
The once perilous depths of the ocean
Is now but a flower path to them,
That deep waters are only a lotion
Where Life in Beginnings doth swim.
They have gathered us bushels of radium
From the debris of Planets and Stars,
And the Heaven no longer be dumb
For their air-craft have landed on Mars.

They have dreamer and science in aiding
To build crafts to invade outer space,
For the human is science upbraiding
That man cannot look square in God's face!
They've discarded all Faiths—in the seeing
Will they only believe, and disown
The Thought of One absolute Being—
Hold as myth there's a God on a throne!
They believe it is only degrading
To think of One greater than man,
So they would be Heaven invading
The Cry—"Find us a God if you can."
Believing the World was created
By a sort of a dominant Force,
But not to a person related
But a something of whirling course,
Creating, and spoiling, and crushing,
As a child with his mud pies may play,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Today a World Glorious is rushing,
Tomorrow it bursts to fire spray,
And the pieces are scattered on either
To fall on the spheres as they roll—
In fact without rhyme, without meter
Force creative, irresponsible soul!

So thus of The Godhead assaying
They must surely delve up to the Truth,
And some of them even are braying
That the Heavens immutably mute ;
And that Man was The God of Creation
Then fell in forgettable sleep,
Forgot he had made such inflation
And that Ages the secret did keep ;
But some day he will wake from his slumbers,
Recollection will flash on his brain,
And then in cosmological numbers
Will play at creation again !
So Christ of the Christian-God broken—
Like dead Greek Gods put on the shelf—
Then brazenly words will be spoken
"Let Man, as God, Worship Himself."

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

Were it not fatal 'twould be laughable
To hear the learned fools so wisely tell,
"The Virgin Birth—surely impossible."
So learned—yet listening to the serpent's hiss
As he by such doth surely lead amiss,
The human feet to depths of the abyss.

To question God as to creative power,
That He who made the lofty Andes tower,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Who shapes anew a continent in hour,
Who holds the seas as dew drop to His hand,
Who made vast space that none can understand,
Who holds the Pleiades with an unseen hand,
Who forms a midget—perfect in each nerve
Minutest organs—limbs yet life can serve—
To say to Him—"Impossible to swerve
In bringing forth from womb a Perfect Man."
Without the aid of man, "that nature's plan"
Upon the God of Nature put a ban!

Wise are ye all—ye are so erudite
'Tis hard for God your acumen to fight;
So God is wrong, and ye are surely right;
Can ye explain a thousand things around
The whys of light—the mystery of sound—
Your learned guesses surely most profound
Out on ye all—you learned, silly crew!
The Words of Virgin Birth most surely true
For God the most impossible can do!

Ye may be wise in Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
And in all ologies profoundly squeak,
The Godhead surely listen when ye speak,
Like puffed up adders now the farce may play,
Bask in men's smiles—but later comes Christ's Day
Then all your fine spun theories swept away.

THE WAY TO PARADISE

O Learned Scholar, wondrous wise,
Which is the way to Paradise?
I learned at my Mother's knee
Of a far distant Country,
Where grief, and fears, were never known,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And now as I am aged grown,
Bent back, past labor, and dim eyes,
I would go to that Paradise.
I am so weary of the Earth,
I've tasted of its joys and mirth,
In youth, in manhood 'twas so sweet,
But I—not ever much discreet
Wasted my strength to spend each day
The gold I gathered yesterday ;
But wasted now my manhood's strength,
And near the grave have come at length
And now a weary—fain would see
The pathway—I pray thee tell to me
For mists becloud my mind and eyes—
O scholar, lead to Paradise!

You answer: Old Age be content
Thankful for all the days I spent
In happiness, in work, in ease,
In doing things which once did please,
These be my comforters as now
The death dews gather on my brow,
The best to hope a dreamless sleep
Shall on the palsied senses creep,
Life's gas to other gases go
Mingling—nor of my past to know—
My lime shall fructify the earth
From whence may spring another's birth;
My—I—a nothing—I simply be
Only a past, nonentity,
The—I—with earth and gases mix
No Christ forsooth, nor crucifix
As talisman before mine eyes,
There is no Christian Paradise.

O Learned Scholar, pray thee look

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

In that old tome—my Mother's book—
Oh, of thy learning I would plead,
Thou the originals can read,
Make plain the meaning—is it true—
I pray, beseech, and beg of you!
Mine eyes so dim—my heart so cold—
Is there not in it somewhere told
A Sacrifice for Human Sin,
A Mediator for poor men,
The words: "*He that believes on Me
An Everlasting Life shall see.*"
Oh, read for now so dim mine eyes—
Search, search for path to Paradise!

O Scholar, what that you rehearse,
No thought in Book—nor in that verse—
Eternal Life but a surmise—
'Tis but a tissue of what, lies?
What, only Hebrew Poetry
Where gems of fancy truth may be
To guide the human on earth's path,
But that of God's Eternal wrath—
Of butcher sacrifice for sin—
A mediator for all men—
Thought very hoary—but still lies—
These fables of a Paradise!

O wise professors, in our schools
In speaking such ye are but fools,
Your scientific theories be
More dark than Greek Philosophy.

Ah, to my mind comes back once more
My Mother's words in days of yore,
They strengthen more than earthly wine—
Scholar, I know they are Divine!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

A Blood Atonement Christ has made,
By Faith my sins were on Him laid,
And for God's Supper, lo, my dress
Is Christ's exceeding Righteousness!
And tho' in grave my body lies
At the Christ's call it shall arise
In Resurrection Glory—I
Shall see my Great Redeemer nigh,
And with Him, through the opening skies,
Shall tread The Path to Paradise.

GLORY

Within my heart a song of hope,
On lips a song of cheer.
Forever comes a wider scope
Of Glory drawing near.
How can my heart and lips be dumb
And silent without praise,
When He draws near, so soon to come,
And bring me Glory Days.
For Glory Days, O Glory Days,
That ne'er will have an end,
The Earth like sheet of glory blaze
When Heavens to Earth descend.
My heart is like a happy lark
A carolling in sky,
For me no more the days are dark
For He is drawing nigh.
In a few years—a few at most—
Then I shall see His Face,
And this shall be my constant boast
A Sinner saved by Grace.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And so my lips are carolling
A song of Glory Praise,
He is anear, my Saviour King,
With Glory for all days.

THAT ONE DAY

Behold, we travel to the light
The Glory of all things,
To see with infinite delight
Splendor of Prince of Kings.
Who can conceive the startling change
Of Earth, on sea, and sky,
Spread far beyond our vision's range
Vast cohorts drawing nigh.
O Olivet, thou blessed place
Where first His Feet shall rest,
Shall see the Glory of His face
When nail pierced feet have pressed.
The Cherubim, the Seraphim,
The High Archangels there,
The countless cohorts follow them
And fill the ether air.
That glistening floods of glory spread
Too bright for mortal eye,
But, lo, the Resurrected Dead
Can every thing decry!
More piercing now than eagle's glance
To sweep far horizon,
In stateliest order the advance
Of cavalcades come on.
And who is He in Royal Seat
Upon the sapphire throne,
Thunders and lightnings at His Feet

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Unique—He sits alone!
The Living Creatures (who describe?)
Whose wings and rings fire flame,
Whose ceaseless voices do ascribe
The honors of His name!
Far off on ether's fields they come
A multiplying Host,
From outer regions, where all dumb,
From farthest distant post.
For now the time Jehovah set
To Glorify His Christ,
The Hosts of Universe here met
To hold a Royal Tryst.
Here shall The Church Triumphant stand
In Resurrection Birth,
A Sanctified—One single Band—
(So scattered once on Earth.)
Here shall they see Their Crucified
By Universe adored,
And every being who denied
Shall see Christ Rule restored;
Unique, Alone, in splendor there
Godhead in Flesh revealed,
The mystery of Christ declare—
No longer is concealed.
See, Cohort, after cohort wheels,
Obedient to His nod,
Lo, every being in self feels
That Jesus Christ their God!
Lo, Cohort after Cohort wheels.
Trail banners, at His Feet—
The loftiest in splendor kneels
Obediently complete.
All in that palpitating air

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Acknowledge Christ their Lord!
For every brilliant creature there
Created by His Word.

GROUND ARMS

"Ground Arms!" the belted, bearded Captains shout—
Then there rang cries—as from a single mouth—
Of fifteen millions—cries that louder be
Than all their thunders of artillery;
Foes fell upon each other's necks and wept,
Their cries paternal round the world were swept—
And laughed the peoples of the many lands—
Wherever belfry there were eager hands
To clang the bells—as they would never cease—
For all the world was filled with blessed peace!

Peace! 'tis most blessed—and we will forget
The many millions massacred to death,
The many million homes where never more
Be seen the faces whose presence blest of yore;
A million cripple hobble down the street—
The shattered nerves, the blind ones whom we meet—
The countless derelicts, the foeman's bastard child—
Well, all such errors now we cast aside!

Sweet Peace, Rare Peace, ah, how we cling to it!
Cursed War, it was a wild, delirious fit
That never on the Earth shall come again!
Democracy triumphant—never more shall men
Allow such outrage on humanity!
The future like an opulent, calm sea,
Where roaring cannon, flashing steel shall cease—
"Ah, by the force of Arms we shall have peace!"

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Poor Fools! all reckless still of God's decree—
They to their own Christ bend the pliant knee
Forgetting that Jehovah rules on high:
They will not have His Christ—they pass him by—
Crowning *The Christ they dream* of as their own—
And to The One who sets on heaven's throne—
Will not submit—nor of His wishes own!

Their cries go out defiantly and grim—
*"The Pallid Christ! we will have none of Him—
We said it once—and now we say again:
We will not have this man o'er us to reign!"*

A silent Heaven! no answer to their threat—
Still is the Heavens as if sullen death
Had crept like serpent, venomous, slew
Jehovah and His Son, The Christ of pallid hue!

But suddenly a Laugh shall shake the world—
The Merciful Has laughed—laugh's thunderbolt was
hurled:

*"Behold on Zion, Christ, my King, shall reign—
So all your threats and boasting shall be vain;
Now Kiss MY SON, e'er yet His Angers rise,
And He shall come in wrath adown the Skies
So smite the Nations with an iron rod—
Then ye shall know that CHRIST, MY SON, IS
GOD!"*

MASTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL

I know the thoughts of Christ are sweet,
I know the thoughts of Christ are rare,
For each thing we in nature meet
Is surely most surpassing fair,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Behold, yon sweep of glorious woods,
See autumn mantle o'er them laid,
As if an artist in rare moods
Colors most gorgeous, richest made:

And yet no artist's palette dare
To mix such colors flaringly,
The strangest colors flaunt and flare,
Splotches of splendor on each tree.

Those wayside flowers from which we shrink
As all unworthy of our gaze,
Now who could dream that God would think
Them worthy of His thought and praise:

The wayside flowers, examine them,
I dare you show more dainty flowers,
The making was no passing whim
But challenged even Christly powers.

And all the creatures made from clay
From worm—to woman—none so fair—
What glorious wonders day by day—
Astonishment is everywhere.

Ah, would our eyes be free of sin
The common place would be most fair,
A Paradise to woo, to win,
The trails of Glory everywhere.

The rocks, the stones, the soil of earth,
Each has strange beauty of its own,
Surely through Earth there is no dearth—
The Beautiful is King alone!

In all its shapes, in all its sweeps,
Beauty with impress of its hands,
The changing splendor of the Deeps
Holds sky, sea, earth, in golden bands.

And water in its myriad forms
For use, to gratify the eye,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The rivers, cataracts, e'en storms
Of rain the senses gratify.

If Beautiful all things He made
Tho' blighted now by Adam's fall,
Most surely I am not afraid
That Christ more Beautiful than all!

HARVEST TIME

How wonderful the harvest time
A mystery—and nothing more—

It surely baffles human thought
How that the Earth such wonders bore.

Men cry, 'Tis nature's handiwork
And all things from its bounty springs,
But what inherent power hath it
To give birth to such countless things.

We say the sun, and rain, and air
Have wrought with it in wondrous toil,
And so producing give to man
A glorious harvesting of spoil:

Have they created fruit and grain
The things which hearts of man delight,
For e'er the Spring the land was bare
And not one green leaf to the sight;

Foolish to prate of nature's laws
Could bring such glory from the land,
How blinded—that ye cannot see
The Miracles of Christly hand.

For Earth, and Air, and sun, and rain,
Could not create without His wish,

If yearly miracle withheld
Then empty be the feeding dish.

Out of His treasures of mind

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

What Gorgeous Glories did Christ bring
And, ah, the Glories man shall find
When Christ on Earth The King!

MANDEL HALL

O Mandel Hall, O Mandel Hall,
How oft upon mine ears did fall
The sweet chimes falling from square tower,
Oft surely in the morning hour
They were a rapture to the ear,
As if they from the heavenly sphere
Came down to bless, came down to cheer,
The weary souls of toiling men,
As if to soothe, as if to win
All thought of care that would distress,
And bring a sense of happiness;
My soul grew mellow at the sound—
'Twould seem as I on holy ground—
My heart grew light as chimes did fall—
O Mandel Hall, O Mandel Hall,

O Mandell Hall—O Mandell Hall,
How oft thy sweet, blest chimes did fall
In springtime as I walked to thee,
When yet afar, their melody
By Zephers borne came sweetly low,
Making my steps more fleet to go
Where I could hear thy chimes more clear;
Lo, as each chime around me floats
As perfect pearls from angel's throats,
Chimes soothing as if voice from heaven
To tell of many sins forgiven.
Ah, how I wished to dwell a near

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

So that my longing ears would hear
The sweet tunes on my weary ear,
Ears wearied from the roar and din
Of hurrying, gold hungry men,
Who ears alert to business cheer—
And I just wishing, long to hear
The sweet chimes from thy tower to fall
O Mandel Hall, O Mandel Hall.

O Mandel Hall, O Mandel Hall,
When I in Park would hear thee call
The world around all brighter grew,
The trees, flowers, shrubs seemed dressed anew
With colors ne'er so fair before—
It seemed as Nature had a store
Of beauty on the world to pour,
And all the grassy carpet floor
Had daisy, buttercups galore,
And violets from hidden places
Look slyly out with smiling faces,
The waters laughed, the sky more blue,
And all because the chimes from you
A Blessing on the Earth did fall—
O Mandel Hall, O Mandel Hall.

O Mandel Hall, O Mandel Hall,
Thy chimes were surely blessed Call—
But, ah, when feet did enter in—
And rows, and rows of women, men,
With faces bright, and brave, and strong,
Such earnest seekers in that throng—
The Leaders of the Age to be!
But, Misere, O Domine!
For they had bent the listening ear
To eloquence from far and near—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The men of learning, wit, and brain—
Who smote The Christ with honeyed phrase,
Uncrowned His Godhead with their praise
With dulcet hiss they smote young brain—
And early faith in Christ was slain—
Instead of Faith—the doubter came
Young minds felt as Sirocco flame
Had shriveled all the hope that He
Died for their Sins on Calvary!
Surely this Hall accursed spot
Where Satan stood—and Christ was not—
Then all its Chimes were dead to me—
And like weird singers by the Sea
That lured the sailor by their call—
Thy Chimes accursed, O Mandel Hall!

CHICAGO ART GALLERY

In going up the marble stair,
Lo, in the place of honor there
As if at ease, in marble chair
Behold—that Christian foe—Voltaire!
Now in that figure was expressed
An Aged man whose face impressed—
The slender frame—the broad, full brow—
The graceful nose—thin lips somehow
Pressed firmly—as sunken in,
Lips not voluptuous to win!
And the keen glancing of the eyes
A smile o'er features as surprise
Was at his soul—complacency
That he in Christian company,
Who ne'er had thought to spit on him,
And gazers' faces were not grim

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

In strong detesting of himself ;
In fact not on the wall nor shelf
A single Christian honored so.
Who up or down the stairway go
Could see he held an honored place,
And now no object of a sneer—
The world had changed indeed, 'twas clear,
No longer church's consternation
In this loud boasting Christian Nation.

In fact few ministers assail—
Surely his tenets vapid, pale,
Words he made use of picturing
The Christ—for now they've lost their sting
When we his words to such compare
Uttered in pulpit—college chair—
Where fellows well paid—viperous
Stinging the Christ they do discuss
With young men, ministers to be,
With polished phrase of treachery.

Voltaire ! Thy words I understand—
King, Nobles, Priests, of Native land,
Were Reprobates tho' they profess'd
Christ's name—yet hypocrites at best.

But these sneak thieves of latter days
Bespatter Christ in silken phrase—
Like Union Seminary—take
The good gifts given for the Christ sake,
The Land, the gold of early years
Christ consecrated—with prayers, tears
Of sleeping Saints—who gave, to see
Their gifts used by a ministry
Who preached Christ's blood of Calvary.

While thou, Voltaire, outspoken bold—
But these New Judases have sold

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Christ for bit to eat and wear—
Stab Christ with seeming words sincere—
Rob Him of decent birth—and shame
Put on his, and His Mother's name—
Dare say, He was not God Divine—
Blot Inspiration from each line
Of Blessed Book—Fierce Wolves are they
To make of Churchmen Satan's prey—
Fierce Wolves who wear the shepherd dress
To slaughter lambs who Christ profess.

Ah, Good Voltaire, not hard to seek
Archbishops, Bishops, Pastors meek,
Who wear the shepherd dress—and slay
The flocks given to their hands today—
I'd surely rather take thy hand,
And by thy side would rather stand,
Than by Church Leaders who disgrace
The name of Christ—spit in His face.

A SOLDIER'S CEMETERY IN THE FOREST

Last night as I stood mid the forest wood—
It was full of mystery,
For Spirits did walk, and Spirits did talk,
In that lone cemetery,
I know you declare 'twas a breath of air
That touched me in my fright,
But Spirits were there—my every hair
Stood taut—at that weird sight.
Lo, whispers I heard—you say, 'twas a bird
That chattered in broken sleep—
But the Visitants there had voices rare
Musical, soft, but deep.
The stretch of the wood where watching I stood

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

To peer if a Hun in sight,
Where in tall tree shade—our heroes were laid—
Each painted cross stood white.
And sudden there came—from each grave a flame
Clear as if light shone through,
Lo, the Spirits of men came to my ken—
But stalwart and brave to view.
Of earth light no spark—sky, and wood were dark
Except when a firefly came,
The Visitants there all ruddy and fair
Seem clothed in soft white flame.
I heard not footfall for the one, and all,
Ne'er rustled a fallen leaf,
Lo, no face was sad—all quietly glad—
With never a tinge of grief.
No sorrow had bowed; a very mixed crowd
Americans, English, French,
The dark and the white—there stood mixed that night
As they oft stood in one trench.
But no Babel was there, each word rang clear,
The language I did not know—
Every word seemed a musical chord
Not known on this sphere below.
As a band came anear—I shook with fear
For I stood where they should go—
Lo, none backward shrank—nor a broken rank—
Through me, Spirits passed to and fro.
When they had passed by—I saw that, one eye
Steadily questioning me,
I knew him before in the days of yore—
Voice known—face glad to see—
“Ho! you in sooth!”
“Ho, My Comrades, Salute,
Lo, brave man once comrade mine!”

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Attention all stood as brave soldiers should
Hand to chapeau all the line.
"Comrade!" he cried, "not in vain have we died,
And know this, because 'tis true,
Lo, an Angel Host, stands now at each post
And now are fighting for you,
Lo, The High One's hands now over our Lands
And His Angels fight for you—
The foes may assail, they shall not prevail
No matter what Huns may do,
For the Hunnish host that you hate the most
Is led by the Evil One,
So far shall they go—then God strikes the blow—
Final Victory never won.
The Christ they denied, God's Book cast aside,
Denied Christ, He was not God—
Lo! The High One not slack—on Hunnish Back
Shall be laid His iron rod.
Like a bubble burst—Huns now stand accursed
At the bar of Him on high,
Whoe'er hath denied, thus cast Christ aside
That Man, That Nation shall die!"

THE MEN AT THE GUNS

It was "whistling and whining" in the morning,
It was whistling and whining in the night,
The intermittent flashes sky adorning—
And cruelly destructive in their flight.

Men moved as automatic in the firing,
Hurling shafts of destruction with their might,
And every move with sense of mad desiring
The bolts would be destructive in their flight.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The automatons—each stripped behind the muzzle
Stifling, hot smoke reeking all the air,
And ever more the monster grim did guzzle—
As the monster of its doings well aware.
The very earth below them in a trembling
Like as heart all a fearing what comes next—
As aware that battalions were assembling
And as to final ending sore perplexed.
Lo, the intermittent smoke puff high ascending
Taking message to The One enthroned on high
Like incense of a prayer to One down bending
To have pity on the brave ones that would die.
As, the men who fed the guns as automatic
Each his duty with sure swiftness was performed,
They were blind where their message most emphatic,
They never saw the object that they stormed.
They did not see the cruel devastation,
And the scattering of human flesh and bone,
They only felt the throbbing of elation
As the ramparts of the foemen overthrown.
To the monster that they served gave an endearment,
Gave a pet name, with hands petted as if dear,
While with every shrieking shell—was a fear sent
That the pathway for the Infantry not clear.
The monster for an instant did not stammer
But fierce bellowed in its far flung thunder tone,
And surely was voracious in its clamor
For the food which grim Death was claiming for its
own.

Did men wonder what the home folks were a doing—
If the little ones were playing in the street—
If the Sweetheart another man was wooing—
Home folks afraid of casualty's grim sheet—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Were prayers from wife and mother still ascending
For the loved one now attending to the gun—
Was it all in vain the weary knees were bending—
Was it God's Will, or the Devil's, that was done?

But the hands be not aweary in the doing,
With the ears that were beating as a drum—
Ah, the monster for foul Death its prey was wooing—
While the hearts were keenly wishing peace would
 come.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

O Master, must we then renounce
The Glorious words Thou did'st pronounce
When entering on Thy Great Career?

For since that hour it doth appear
They words were phantoms of the air,
And not as facts known anywhere.
What, words a sham and a pretense
But spiritual in their sense,
Juggling of words to make believe—
That humans never should receive
As litteral—a mirage fair.

Said:

“Blessed are The Meek for they
Shall Earth Inherit!”

To this day

The meek has been the strong man's prey;
O'er all the world, in every state,
The same bald truth we must relate
The Nation, City, hamlet, farm
Give answer, no meek free from harm—
The meek are thrust from market place—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Sharper laughs in meek man's face,
And from his hands, before his eyes,
Wresting from Meek a precious prize.
Weakness and Meekness, mocked the same,
So to be meek becomes a shame;
And when did Roman strength portray
One meek spot in its iron sway.

Christ came to His own Race—The Jews—
And they His weakness did refuse,
His claim to Kingship they denied—
Mocked Him as Pilate crucified!
They knew He was of David's line—
To Him their wills would not resign—
Flouted His Words of Righteousness.
Barabbas was their great Ideal!
His daring courage did appeal
Against the cruel Roman power.
Yet had Jews listened in that hour,
Feeling heart-sorrow for all sin,
They quickly could His succor win.
He would have taken David's throne,
And all the world His sway should own.

“His Cowardice did surely speak—
To foeman turn the other cheek
So be twice slapped; this Nazarene
A paltry coward truly seen.
And as to Teacher—had not they
Of Scribe and Priest a grand array
And all were Patriots—fired at soul
To dash to pieces Rome's control.”

O Christ, The Truth is all thine own,
And never from Thy lips have flown

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

A word that had not great import,
Yet men will bring Thee to Their Court ;
Lo, of Thy words make jeer and sport,
"Reign of the Meek is not brought forth!"
With Thee indeed is no perchance
For verily at single glance
The Was, the Is, the Is to be!
E'er all creation seen by Thee—
And no mishap in all thy plan
To make the Earth a place for man,
Where Thou, and Man, should surely meet
In field, on sea, on busy street,
And this Thy Wish, and it shall be—
Christ—and His choice—Humanity.

He never spake uncertain word,
And from His lips was never heard.
Aught but the truth; tho parable
From His lips as rare story fell,
Behind each parable there lies
Not faintest trace of ought of lies,
His vast experience truth compact—
Behind each Parable a fact.

Thine Age! each cube point of sea sand
A Year, an age—then thrice expand—
They could not total age of Thine—
Thou Christ of Majesty Divine!
Thou Christ—Incomprehensible—
No Angel can Thy Ages tell—
Thine Age!—all calculation void—
Unthinkable, figures employed
Confounded, and totals all destroyed—

Ah, was He foiled in His belief?
And to this hour feels no relief

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Whereby His promise could be kept,
After two thousand years bereft
Of any hope—as now we see
Malestrom of Human Misery
Because The Strong, and not the Meek,
Ruthless to work—on either cheek
Humanity is marred and broken,
So that men laugh at Christ's words spoken.

Who putteth on his armour—goes
To Battle with oncoming foes
Should not of Coming Victory vaunt—
E'er he returns a captive gaunt—
When foemen take his armour off
It is with sneer, and laugh, and scoff.

And so, ye Rebels of My King,
Shall in confusion surely bring
Your broken wills, your laugh, your sneer—
And hear His judgment with fell fear:
*"The Foes who taunted yesterday
Bring hither to my feet and slay."*

CERTAINTY

I see not now—but I shall know
One sure and certain thing,
Men's eyes shall surely here below
See Universal King:
A King shall reign in Righteousness—
Who all with Joy obey—
Then hence my cry, "O Christ to Bless
Make Thou no long delay!"

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

MY FOUNDATION

I have not built my house on sands
 Tho' golden sands there be,
I have not built with greedy hands
 A building fair to see ;
Nor decked it round with pleasant trees,
 And flowers of richest hue,
Nor trees of fruit to palate please
 Of dainties not a few.
Come the harsh winds—earth's glories wilt—
 The Palace Storm's spoil,
The Gardens and the Palace built
 Alas, on shallow soil.

But my house on a solid rock,
 And not the Builder I,
But guest in house to stand the shock
 When tempest rend the sky ;
Lo, Christ ! The Builder of my house,
 He laid foundation stone,
So reck I not if storms carouse
 For He will hold His own.

BOUNTIFUL GIVER

Christ is always Beautiful,
 He is always sweet,
And the Blessings He would give
 Fullness to complete.
He hath golden plenty,
 He hath wealth in store,
So the Human never
 May in want deplore.
Wide the Earth—the harvest

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Comes to sowing time,
Lo, the Golden Blessing
Falls on every clime.
'Tis His Wish the human
Have enough to eat,
Clothes to wear—the home place—
Rest for toiling feet.
But, alas, our Foeman
Given wondrous power,
Why it is we know not—
But in coming hour
He the World's Deceiver,
Shall be bound in chains,
Then the World rejoicing
Shall forget all pains.

A SCORNE D MESSENGER

I sing, the herald of the Golden Age!
I am no orator, scholar, nor a sage,
Simply a singer—but with message sweet—
Simply a singer—that Thine ears would greet
With most momentous message of The Age!
In spite of The Usurper's hate and rage,
And all the venom that he hath for man,
I would disclose to Thee The Glorious Plan
Of God's Redemption for The World and Man!
When by Christ's words all evil shall be crushed,
And cry of sorrow, grief, and woe be hushed,
And in New Age by Christ be ushered in
A world of splendor without curse of sin!

I come a singing Herald, and my words
Be to your ears the chattering of birds—
But take ye heed—this is no foolish theme,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

No will-o-wisp, nor mocking of a dream—
But Truth—and if bizarre unto your ears,
And you discard with laughter and with sneers
Because it mocks the Wisdom of the World,
Tho' unbelief around your heart hath curled
In serpent coils, so shutting out The Truth,
And ye all heedless, careless, filled in sooth
With care of buying, selling, making love,
Indifferent to Him who reigns above,
Who in vast pity and exceeding grace
Would in His Christ reveal a Father's face:
What tho' your merchandise of luring gain
Fills all the cranium of your seething brain,
And have not room to heed of words I sing,
Yet I, a paltry Herald of the King,
Beseech, and warn, and earnestly would cry,
The hour is hastening—it will soon be nigh
When voice of mercy shall indeed be closed,
And then who hath not listened—but opposed
By carelessness shall surely outcasts be
In darkness drear—in utter misery—
Shall in the dungeons of keen, deep despair
Hear that glad cry: "Behold, the King is Here."
And all the World is changed by His *one* Word
Each human heart then like a singing bird
With one sweet note, forever caroling,
The Praise, The Glory of our Lord Christ King!

While ye, in Prison House, confess in pain,
"That paltry Herald did not sing in vain."

A STORM KIN

Afar, afar I see the white waves dip,
As if a thousand furies were let slip

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

From narrow prison house, to onward sweep
Out of the bosom of the shrieking Deep.

Come on wild waves, I feel we were akin
In your tumultuous and thunder din,
Untrammeled, free, unfettered by a hand,
None dares to hold thee in a harsh command.

My soul leaps up to ride upon wave crest,
Sport there in frenzy of some wild behest
To speed across the World in a flight—
To mock the day, and reckless of the night.

Surely my Fathers loved the rush of waves—
(Tho' they be long a slumbering in earth's graves—)
Here by the waters their thoughts crowd on me
Fill heart with cries of their's exultantly.

Would shake the flesh off—naked spirit stand
And spurning all the beauty of the sand
Shriek out in laughter, bound in mad delight,
Leaping from crest to crest in careless flight,
On, on, where hissing waves call out to me—
And I, a fury in tumultuous sea—
Strange faces of my kin bear company—
And all, all happy in sea revelry.

They loved the sea—their blood is in my vein
So that the storm sea calleth not in vain—
In dreams of day and night where e'er I be
I hear Sea cries—"Come back, come back to me."

Ah, surely never do I walk beside
The changing waters of this inland tide,
But a wild longing doth possess my soul
The wish to see Him who the waves control—
A constant thought—and not a passing whim—
Comes the great longing to know more of Him.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

BEAUTY

Lord Christ! Thou art most eBautiful,
Most Perfect—God Divine—
Thy Beauty scattered everywhere
In circle, curve, and line.
No matter where I turn my face
Thy Graciousness I see,
E'en in the desert—rugged place—
Behold Thy Majesty.
No matter where I turn my gaze
On tree, on bush, on flower,
In Winter chill, in Summer's blaze,
All, all formed by Thy power.
Surely if Beauty thus displays
A perfect carelessness,
What art Thou in Thy Glorious ways
Thy perfect Ones to bless!
Lord Christ! I have no words to praise—
Astonishment is mine—
The piled up Beauty of Thy ways
Fills soul as subtle wine.
So ignorant a fool am I
Silence is best for me,
In rapture watch in Earth, sea, sky,
Of Beauty's Harmony.

ON READING MR. MUD

This Book was written by Mr. Mud
And a very great mind has he,
And so much the worse for God it is
That Mud and He cannot agree.
God said: "*In our image we'll make man,*"
Lo, man perfect as man could be!

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

But Mr. Mud shook his wise owl head—
 “Now with God I cannot agree!”
For Mr. Mud in his heart aware
 God could not have fashioned him,
He knew forefather was clad with hair,
 And a tail at the lower limb.
And Mr. Mud knew his ancestor
 Was a growling and filthy beast,
Who washed not face—and caught the fleas
 From the places we talk of least.
And Mr. Mud was truly convinced
 His Grandmother an unwashed thing,
Who never her clothes hung up to dry—
 She by tail from tall trees would swing.
And Mr. Mud knew Grandmother had
 No chamber—but simply a lair—
And scattered around the broken bones—
 With stench of decay in the air.
And Mr. Mud even oft times now
 Clings to his Ancestral ways
For never from Earth he left his eyes
 But goes Bibless all his days.
For Mr. Mud has a wise distaste
 Of Book Genesis, One and Two,
He saw that the Facts recorded there
 With his lying would never do.
As Mr. Mud thinks Moses the Jew
 Of most foolish lies did sputter—
His Grandmother never meat did stew
 But munched raw bones in the gutter.
For Mr. Mud was dutiful Son
 Told how did His Granny snarl,
And drank of a stagnant pool—not rain
 For want of a water barrel.

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Yet Mr. Mud be it understood
Is only a mouthpiece liar,
Simply a conduit to pass along
The lies of some one up higher!
But Mr. Mud knew scholarly words
Would never the street man find,
So he robed the lies in simple words
To reach of the humblest mind.
O, Excellent, Charming Mr. Mud,
Your name "mud" quite fits your lies
For muddled as mud your muddy brain
So the humblest Saint despise!
And, dear Mr. Mud, we'll meet again
Before Christ on Great White Throne—
Perchance, The King, will convince you then
To Jew Moses the true facts known.

THE LAST FARTHING

We have robbed your silks and satins,
Your diamonds and your pearls,
Have consecrated all your wives,
Made Mothers of your girls.
We have branded all your women
Shoulder branded every maid
So that when the youngsters coming
Will know 'twas Prussian made
We've sorted all your furniture—
The very best we see,
Have crated and have sent them to
Thief House in Germany!
Dismantled every factory—
Tore out machinery,
So after war to have them hum

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

In Thief House Germany.
Have devastated all your land,
Have butcher all fruit trees,
We have shot babies and old men—
Shot Priests when on their knees.
We've shot your best and bravest men—
Riddled Cathedral Shrines—
We've stabled horses in Church walls,
And drank up all your wines.
And we've collected penalties
Until our coffers burst—
The plunder of your Belgian stakes
Has gratified Hun's lust!
And now 'tis bald we scratch our pates—
And give our heartfelt sob—
For we have sucked your eggshells white—
Lo, nothing else to rob!
We've burned your houses, villages,
Sieved feather beds, and clogs—
Mein Gott in himmel! we forget
That you have left your Dogs!
Bring out all quick your finest Dogs—
(Dog sausage good as hogs)
By order of The Highest One
'Tis Death to hold your Dogs!

THE MOMENTOUS HOUR!

He goes, Adventurer, with higher aim
Than any mortal ever went before:
And when the years will bring the deadly shame
None will the more than he himself deplore.
Surely his aims are cradled in high thought,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And grandly fair, and exquisitely sweet—
But the Impossible by him not wrought—
And none so blind as he in his conceit

He goeth forth a spokesman for the world
For Peace, a universal peace to come,
With *ever more* the battle flags be furl'd,
Silent the cannon, trumpet, and war drum—

In all the many ages of the world
No man so many millions holds inthrall—
So when his dreams are to destruction hurl'd
It will be liken to satanic fall.

Look at The Blessings that his hand would bring!
More than the mind conceiveth be the gifts,
The Dove of Peace *forever* on the wing,
The carrion birds be dashed upon rock cliffs!

And woe to him who breaks the blessed calm—
Alas, that Force must be The Prince of Peace—
To hold the Nations of the pine and palm,
Make them obey—and make their warring cease.

It shows that this man's peace would soon be
broken—

He has not healed the Cancer men call—Sin!
The face be sweet—and fairest words be spoken—
The vicious heart unchanged remains within!
This man that should be wiser reckons not
Of spark of leprosy in every soul—
In human—in most perfect is a blot
That The Redeemer can eradicate—control.

Full thirty years is this man a possessor
Of One Infallible—and truthful Book,
And should you ask, he would be professor
That almost daily did in pages look—

And written plain—could not be the plainer
What is The Plan, unchangeable, secure—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Jehovah self shall be alone Retainer
Of Human will, and make His Peace endure!

How Blind, how Blind; the words are plainly
written

And simple worded so child can understand,
It seem that Scholars are with blindness smitten
As famine of God's Truth in every land!

Democracy the will-o'wisp that's leading
The Nations on a very wild goose chase—
They are enarmoured of Satantic seeding
That finally will bring, Destruction and Disgrace!

O Great Adventurer!—I am sorry for thee—
I deem in measure that you will succeed
Gaining for few years a peace complacency,
A half way blessing it wil be indeed.

Oh, that thy sight the Grander vision seeing
Then thou wouldst speak as never man before—
To all the Nations who now seek new being
Who look to thee to gracious peace restore.

Lo, thou couldst speak—to all the world appealing
Of One, The Christ, Redeemer who will bring—
Redemption, and Salvation, and Sin's Healing,
And Peace, and Plenty to each living thing.

For if the World in Universal pleading
Would ask The King to come and take Earth's throne,
Lo, He would answer with a love exceeding—
For He can bring Peace Blessings—He Alone!

Times of The Gentiles rapidly are closing,
The Jewish Fig tree blossoming a pace—
While the Professing Churches, nodding, dozing,
Lo, shortening, rapidly their Days of Grace—

So that the Coming days thy greatest Hour
The most Momentous in thy grand career
For if you fail to say, "Imperial Power

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

In the Lord Christ—who shortly will appear !”

You lose in silence—Grandeur Far Exceeding
All Earthly Honors and most Lofty Place ;
And surely comes the time thou shalt be needing
Forgiveness, when Christ and You meet face to face !

ENGLAND

England, my England, I am proud of Thee
And thy Young Lions that thy breedings be
Who answered with alacrity thy call
Giving flower of manhood—so gave thee all.

O England, with thy flag o’er all the Seas,
Thy pennants singing in each Sea born breeze,
Mid storm and stress for ever at their post
Or surely now the battle had been lost.

O Mighty Lioness—Nations near and far
Were glad to see thee girded for the war,
With thy young lions, in proud majesty,
That Peoples of the Earth be ever free.

O England, now that Victory is won
And golden years of peace hath now begun,
Wilt thou ignore The Christ that aided thee,
Who gave The Allies such grand Victory.

Surely Jehovah girded thee in might
Gave thee brave Allies, so have won the fight,
Surely not theirs with thine the power alone—
The Fiat sent from The Eternal Throne !

Thou now are drunken with thy great success
Claim that the Coming years will only bless—
And with lip service, Millinery show,
Or veiled contempt praise on Lord Christ bestow.

Down on thy knees to Christ and seek of Him
Who brought thee through the furnace fiery, grim,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

And set thee on the high place of thy pride—
O England, England, cast not Christ aside!”

Now in thy Schools and Universities
Teachers who shame Christ with their specious pleas,
Discard The Word—distorting every line—
To make Christ only Man—not God Divine.

Despising Christ, O England, coming hour
The Christ insulted, take from thee Thy power—
The East wind shatter thy Imperial fleet—
And horror of Great Darkness curses City street.

Thy Arms have conquered, and thy Armies hold
The Lands where Nimrod’s wickedness of old
Held Heaven in Scorn! lo, his idolatry
A curse, a blight o’er all the world we see.

One Beast has Lost—more deadly One comes nigh
In Nimrod’s lands—a magnet to the eye
Who shall be hailed by Humans, “Earth’s First born,”
Who shall despise and hold up Christ to scorn.

One Beast is conquered—more base in coming days
The Last Fell Beast—win thee by flattering praise—
Enticing wooings—charming thee complete—
Shall lead thee to destruction and defeat.

Read thou The Book—the message is most clear
Tho now thy skies for peace be fairly clear
If ye indifferent—at warnings sneers—
The Christ in vengeance suddenly appears!

To Christ art neither hot, nor cold—supine!
Thy Government all careless what Divine—
Pays each religion with a careless hand
At home, afar—pays priests in Heathen land.

The men you choose for Governmental rule
In foreign, heathen lands, of varied school
Whether a Christian or an Infidel—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

You little reck if serving Party well.

Budda, Mohammed, Zoroaster, Christ—
All treated equal, payment as sufficed,
Thy Latitudinarianism be
To pay each God of each locality.

A Christian Nation's Representative
In Heathen lands, should not be one to give
The Lie to its Profession of Christ's Name—
Such Nation brands itself with sin and shame.

Lo, thou art given now, Repentant Time,
Thy Character is watched in every clime
As set on pinnacle—the world's eyes
Will watch if you crown Christ—or doth respise!

For if His Word dishonored by lip praise
Counted indeed the number of Thy Days:
For such the Jews were driven from high place—
Even so Thou to darkness and disgrace.

Thy Most Momentous Hour now draweth nigh,
Will you in heart have Christ—or will deny—
For Gentile Power is drawing to its close
Shalt Thou be with Lord Christ—or with His foes?

Now Thou art in the scales—Jehovah stands
And Weigheth Thee—the balance in His hands—
On one side Christ—with blessing, peace and fame,
Rejecting Christ—dishonor, ruin, shame.

Which is it, England, Jehovah pity Thee
Open Thine eyes that Thou mayest truly see—
With which, O England, will you hold a tryst—
Thou hast not long to choose—Satan or Christ?

THE CITY OF JEHOVAH

"O City of Jehovah of Hosts"—
City of Israel's God,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Surely no City e'er before
Crushed with such iron rod.
O England, thou the instrument—
With thee, Jehovah's hand,
Beginning of His Glorious Plan
To bless His Promised Land,
Surely "unworth Thou to loose
The Latchet of His shoes!"
Yet from all Nations of the World
Thou, England, did He choose.
Well may Thy Captain enter in
With warring geer aside
The City—where in Coming Days
Jehovah shall abide!
The Nations heard Deliverance
Of Jewish Ancient land—
Alas, how few had realized
Act of Jehovah's hand:
The world at large as slumbering
Of what that hour had brought,
This place the centering of delight
Dear to Jehovah's thought!
To Gentiles it is passing strange,
Jehovah's Love should be
Concentered in Jerusalem,
And that bare country.
They point with pride to Cities grand
To lands far stretching wide—
But not one is His chosen place
Where He will yet abide!
The Why—the wherefore none may say
No human wisdom tell,
It pleased Jehovah self to say:
"In that Land I will Dwell!"

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

What Honor, Allenby, was thine
As ne'er to man before,
That thou should Turkish Armies crush,
And Jewish land restore.
Lo, Allenby—by side of thee
Tho thou wert unaware,
The great Arch Angel Michael Stood
And Host of Heaven were there.
Before thy Host—went Michael's Host—
And crushed the Turkish hate—
He led thy host in every way—
Brought Thee to City gate—
And whisper'd thee: "*Behold, The King,*
In meek humility,
Entered the City Gate of old
On way to Calvary."
Surely Great Michael on this morn
Whispered in ear to Thee,
"Enter thou at the City gate
In Sweet humility."
O, Allenby, the grandest wish—
An Honor great to thee—
That when The Great King enters gate
Thou by His side shall be.
The Jew in blindness shall return
And make this City fair,
And next to "Golden Babylon"
No other one compare.
They in their pride and insolence
Shall boast of mighty wealth—
Alas, in their most boasting hour
Comes deadly Foe by stealth.
The hatred of the Nations yet
Shall surge around the place,

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The Angry Nations vaunting try
To slay all Jewish Race.
And, lo, The City—Land—shall be
Again in furnace blast,
And there again shall Jewish Race
In Maelstrom hate be cast.
Yet when the Gentiles seem to win
Their Deadly Victory—
And to the heart of every Jew
Most bitter hour will be—
In that fell hour of keen distress
With not one friend at hand—
Behold! upon Mount Olivet
The Pierced Feet will stand!
That the last hour of Gentile Might,
The King their power will rend,
And “in the twinkling of an eye”
The Gentile Days shall end!
Then Israel shall Hosannas shout
To whom they crucified,
With heartfelt joy acknowledge Him
Their fathers had denied.
The Earth Renewed—Jerusalem
City of The Great King!
And every Nation on the Earth
To her their tribute bring.
Jerusalem shall ever be
The Glory of The Earth,
For, lo, The King, shall fill the Earth
With Plenty, Peace an Mirth.

CONQUERED BY THE HUN!

Conquered The Hun! Lo, Glory to Our Nation!
So thankful that our Casualties so few:

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

The College rostrums ring with exaltation—
The Pulpits threw boquets to men in pew.

Our Country was wild in jubilation
Well they may with such great victory!

Our Armies surely credit to our Nation—
Surely no braver Army could there be!

But what is this we hear of Boys returning
To teach new lesson to The Church of God—

So many Ministers "have great heart burning"—
That Army would come back with fiery rod.

They preach, The Boys discovered Glorious
Vision!

Perchance sweep out all isms from Church creed

If we hold certain theories—then derision
"From the 'Boys' who are sick and tired of screed!"

When the Preachers are asked, what are the isms
That The Boys will ask Churches to disclaim?

Varied the answers as colors in sun's prisms
Some blatant—and some have traces of a shame—

*For well they know what views themselves dis-
carding*

So would fain have such Fathered by the Boys!

The Doctrines that they now say, are retarding
The multitudes, who scoff at their alloys!

So when we ask—what! Churches must surren-
der—

They stammer—misty—general—and vague—

Their voices grow pathetic and most tender—
For at heart they are stricken with Hun Plague!

Hun Conquered!—it were better we were beaten
In market place, and on the battle field,

For too many of our young men now have eaten
The Doctrines that can only curses yield!

Huns Conquered ? College Citadels are taken—

SONGS FROM A WATCH TOWER

Our Renegade False Teachers—worse than Huns—
For The Truths of The Christ by them forsaken—
Hun's text books—are more deadly than Hun Guns!

Those worse than Huns are most insidious,
With crack-men's rubber heels in noiseless way—
Instilling damn doctrines that are hideous—
Like subtle tigers stealing on the prey.

So 'tis not the Huns we fear cross the ocean—
But Hun Scholars we honor in our gate—
So subtle in their words—like evil lotion
And America driving to Fell Fate!

The Doctrines that cursed Prussian to Damnation
The Doctrines that our colleges now teach—

They are going to curse our own Great Nation
And have us sucking evil like to leach.

In Germany some forty years of teaching
To make them reject The Christ—and God's Book—

*Such course, we far upon our way in reaching—
Half our Pulpits already Christ forsook!*

The Good old Doctrine Luther taught to people
Christ's Redemption not by work, but faith alone!"

Lo, the Cross stands not now on Church Steeple
As Blood Redemption—Atonement overthrown!

Virgin Birth—Jesus sinlessness rejected—
An Example, not Sacrifice He died—

And Bible truth by scholars now selected—
In toto as to Christ—ancient prophets lied!

So The Huns are not conquered—they are waiting
'Til Their Doctrines in U. S. hold the sway—

Alas, then, their historians be relating—
Under God's curse—America Hun's prey!



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